

THE  
SCORNEFVLL  
LADY.

---

A COMEDY.

---

As it was Acted (with great applause)  
by the late Kings Majesties Servants,  
*at the Blacke-Fryers.*

---

Written by { FRANCIS BEAUMONT.  
and  
JOHN FLETCHER. } *Gentlemen.*

---

The sixt Edition, Corrected and amended.

---



---

LONDON,  
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his Shop  
at the *Princes Armes* in *St. Pauls Church-yard.* 1651.

THE

# SCORNFUL

LADY.

A COMEDY.

As it was acted (with great applause)  
By the late Kings Majesties servants  
at the Swan Theatre.

(FRANCIS BEAUMONT.)

Companion

JOHN FLETCHER.

The first Edition, Corrected and amended.



Printed in London by J. Streater, at the Swan in St. Dunstons Church, 1634.





The Actors are these.

**E**lder LOVELESSE, a Suter to the Lady.

Young LOVELESSE, a Prodigall.

SAVILL, Steward to the Elder LOVELESSE.

LADY, and } Two Sisters.

MARTHA } Two Sisters.

YOUNGLOVE, or ABIGAIL, a waiting Gentlewoman.

WELFORD, a Suter to the Lady.

Sir ROGER, Curate to the Lady.

A	{	CAPTAIN,	{	hangers on to Young LOVELESSE.
		TRAVELLER,		
		POET,		
		TOBACCO-MAN;		

Wenches.

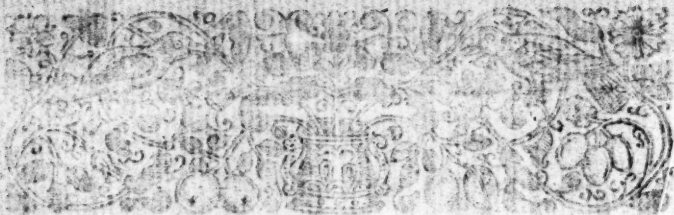
Fidlers.

MORECRAFT, an Usurer.

A rich Widdow.

Attendants.





THE GENTLEMEN OF THE

OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE

OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE

OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE

OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE

OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE

OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE

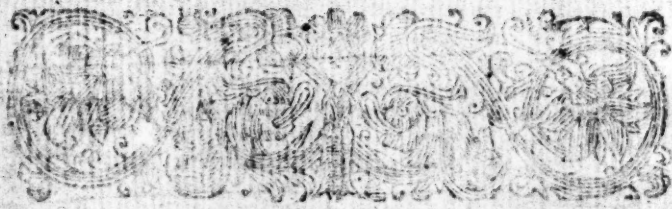
OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE

OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE

OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE

OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE

OF THE GENTLEMEN OF THE



THE  
SCORNEFULL  
LADY.

A COMEDY.

ACTU S. I. SCENA I.

*Enter the two Loveleses, Savill the Steward, and a Page.*

*Elder Love.*

**B**rother, is your last hope past to mollifie Morecrafts heart about your Mortgage?

*Young Love.* Hopelesly past: I have presented the Vsurer with a richer draught then ever Cleopatra swallowed; he hath suck't in ten thousand pounds worth of my Land, more then he paid for at a gulse, without Trumpets.

*El. Lo.* I have as hard a taske to performe in this house.

*To. Lo.* Faith mine was to make an Vsurer honest, or to lose my Land.

*El. Lo.* And mine is to perswade a passionate woman, or to leave the Land

*To. Lo.* Make the Boat stay. I feare I shall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darkenesse of the night, and the roughnesse of the waters might easily dissuade an unwilling man.

*Savil.* Sir, your Fathers old friends hold it the fonder course for your body and estate to stay at home, marry, and propagate, and governe in your Country, then to travell and die without issue.

*El. Lo.* Savill, You shall gaine the opinion of a better servant, in seeking to execute, not alter my will, howsoever my intents succeed.

*To. Lo.* Yonders Mistress Abigail Brother, the grave rubber of your Mistis toes.

A 3

*Enter.*

## The Scornefull Lady.

*Enter Mistress and all the waiting women.*

*El. Lo. Mistress is heigh!*

*Abig. Master Lovell, truly we thought your sayes had bee'ne hoist: my Mistress is perswaded you are Sea sick ere this.*

*El. Lo. Loves she her ill-taken-up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her from me?*

*Abig. By this light that shines, ther's no removing her; if she get a stiffe opinion by the end. I attempted her to day, when they say a woman can deny nothing.*

*El. Lo. What criticall minute was that?*

*Abi. When her sinock was over her eares; but she was no more pliant than if it hung about her heeles.*

*El. Lo. I prethee deliver my service, and say, I desire to see the deare cause of my banishment, and then for France.*

*Abig. Ile do't: harke hither, is that your brother?*

*El. Lo. Yes, have you lost your memory?*

*Abig. As I live he's a pretty fellow.*

*El. Lo. O this is a sweet Brache.*

*El. Lo. Why she knows not you.*

*El. Lo. No, but she offered me once to know her: to this day the loves youth of eightene; she heard a Tale how Cupid stricke her in love with a great Lord in the tilt-yard, but he never lov'd her in kindred, would needs wear a Willow Garland, and sing. She lov'd all the Players in the last Queenes time, and she was strooke when they acted Lovers, and forsooke them when they played Murtherers. She has nine Sparrows, and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she her self pronounces angrily, that the Barbers eldest son, or her Mistres husbands Clarke shall be, that marries her, shall make her a joynture of fourescore pounds a yeare, she tels Tales of the Serving-men.*

*El. Lo. Enough, I know her Brother. I shall intreat you onely to salute my Mistress, and take leave, wee'l part at the stayes.*

*Enter Lady and all waiting women.*

*El. Lo. Now fin, this first part of your will is performed, what's the rest?*

*El. Lo. First, let me beg your notice, for this Gentleman my Brother.*

*El. Lo. I shall take it as a favour done to me, though the Gentleman hath received but an ordinary grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer courtesies as strangers, then upon those cold commendations.*

*Young Lo.*

## The Scornefull Lady.

To. Lo. Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance, and leave at once.

La. Sir, I hope you are the master of your owne occasions.

Ex. Young Lo. Squill.

El. Lo. Would I were so. Mistress, for me to praise over against that worth, which all the world, and you your selfe can see.

La. It's a cold roome this; Servant.

El. Lo. Mistress.

La. What thinke you, if I have a Chimney for't out here?

El. La. Mistress another in my place, that were not tyed to beleve all your actions just; would apprehend him selfe wrong'd: But I, whose vertues are constancy and obedience.

La. Abigail, make a good fire above to warme me, after my servants Exordium.

El. Lo. I have heard and seene your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speake.

La. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speake to'th purpose.

El. Lo. Mistress, your will leades my speeches from the purpose. But as a man——

La. A Simile servant? This roome was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily, and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for Exordiums, and Similes, and Metaphers? If you have ought to say, breake into't: my answers shall very reasonably meet you.

El. La. Mistress I came to see you.

La. That's happily dispatch, the next.

El. Lo. To take leave of you. La. To be gone. El. Lo. Yes.

La. You need not have despair'd of that, nor have we'd so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command; is there a third?

El. Lo. I had a third, had you bene apt to heare it.

La. I never after. Fast (good Servant) fast.

El. Lo. 'Twas to entreat you to heare reason.

La. Most willingly; have you brought one that can speake it?

El. Lo. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart, love and forgiveness.

La. You would stay at home?

El. Lo. Yes Lady.

La. Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you have debated, that your Commander is but your Mistress, a woman, a weake one, wildely overborne with passions: but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Dovers* dre adfull Cliffe, passing in a poore Water-house; the dangers of the mercilesse Channell, twixt that and *Callis*, five

long;



# The Scornefull Lady.

long houre playe, with three poore weekes victuall.

El. L. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumbe, unable to enquire for an English host, to remove from City to City, by most chargeable posthorses like one that rode in quest of his Mother-tongue.

El. L. You wrong me much.

La. And all these (almost invincible labours) performed for your Mistress; to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some French Lady, who is content to change language with your laughter, and after your whole yeare spent in Fennels and broken speech, to stand to the hazzard of being laugh'd at your returne, and have Tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

El. L. You wrong me much.

La. Lowden yet.

El. L. You know your last word is of some to make me seeke out dangers; move me not with toys: but in this banishment, I must take leave to say, you are unjust: was one kisse forc't from you in publike, by me so unpardonable? Why all the hours of day and night have scene us kisse.

La. 'Tis true, and so you told the company that heard the childe.

El. L. Your owne eyes were not deare to you then.

La. And so you told us.

El. L. I did, yet no signe of disgrace need to have stayn'd your cheek: you your selfe knew your pure and simple heart to bee most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

La. I did: But if a Maides heart doth but once thinke that she is suspected, her owne face will write her guilty.

El. L. But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew us, knew our resolutions well: And could it be hop't, that I should give away my freedome, and venture a perpetuall bondage with one I never kist? or could I in strict wisdom take too much love upon me, from her that chose me for her Husband.

La. Believe me, if my wedding smock were on,

Were the Gloves bought and given, the Licence come,

Were the Rosemary branches dipt, and all

The Hipocrasse and Cakes eate and drunke off,

Where these two armies encompass with the hands

Of Bachelors, to leade me to the Church;

Were my feete in the doore, were I Tobby-faldy

If Iohn should boast a favour done by me,

I would not wed that yeare: And you I hope,

When



## *The Scornfull Lady.*

When you have spent this year commodiously,  
In achieving Languages, will at your returne  
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,  
Then such a friend: More talke I hold not now,  
If you dare, goe.

Elder Lo. I dare you know: First let me kisse,

Lady. Farewell sweet servant; your taske perform'd,  
On a new ground, as a beginning Suter,  
I shall be apt to heare you.

Elder Lovelasse. Farewell cruell Mistress.

*Exit Lady.*

*Enter Young Lovelasse and Savill.*

Young Lo. Brother you'l hazzard the loosing your Tide to *Gravesend*: you have a long halfe mile by land to *Greenwich*.

Elder Lo. I goe: but brother, what yet unheard of course to live,  
doth your imagination flatter with you? Your ordinary meanes  
are devour'd.

Young Lo. Course, why horse-courfing I thinke: consume no  
time in this: I have no estate to be mended by meditation: he that  
busies himselfe about my fortunes, may properly be said, to busie  
himselfe about nothing.

Eld Lo. Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfacti-  
on resolve and open: If you will shap nont, I must informe you,  
that man but perswades himselfe he meanes to live, that imagines  
not the meanes.

Yo. Lo. Why ile live upon others, as others have lived upon me.

El. Lo. I apprehend not that; you have sed others, and conse-  
quently dispos'd of um: and the same measure must you expect from  
your maintainers, which will be too heavie an alteration for you to  
beare.

Yo. Lo. Why, Ile Purse, if that raise me not, Ile Bet at Bowling-  
Allies, or Man Whores; I would faine live by others: but Ile live  
whil'st I am unhang'd, and after the thoughts taken.

El. Lo. I see you are ty'd to no particular Employment then.

Yo. Lo. Faith I may choose my course: they say Nature brings  
forth none, but she provides for them; Ile trie her liberality.

El. Lo. Well, to keepe your feet out of base and dangerous pathes,  
I have resolv'd, you shall live as Master of my House. It shall bee  
your care *Savill*, to see him fed and clothed, not according to his  
present estate; but to his birth and former fortunes.

Yo. Lo. If it bee refer'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation,  
in his Stockings, blue Devils breeches, with the guards downe,

B

and

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

and my pocket I'th sleeves, Ile neere looke you I'th face againe.

*Sav.* A comelier weare I wisse it is, then those dangling slops.

*El. Lo.* To keepe you ready to doe him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leave these further directions in writing, which at your best leisure together, open and reade.

*Enter Abigail to them with a Jewell.*

*Abig.* Sir, my Mistris commends her love to you in this token, and these words; it is a Jewell (she sayes) which as a favour from her she would request you to weare, till your yeares travaile be performed: which once expired, she will happily expect your happy returne.

*El. Lo.* Returne my service with such thanks, as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly over-joyed man, would willingly utter; and you (I hope) I shall with slender arguments perswade to weare this Diamond; that when my Mistresse shall through my long absence, and the approach of new Sutors, offer to forget me, you may cast your eye downe to your finger, and remember, and speak of me: She will hear thee better then those allied by birth to her: as we see many men much swayed by the Groomes of their Chambers, not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them, as on others, but for they know their secrets.

*Abig.* A my credit I sweare, I thinke 'twas made for me: Feare no other Sutors.

*Elder Love:* I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning, you know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the Maids sweare they found Plaisters in their bed.

*Abig.* I know, I know, and doe you not feare the Sutors.

*Eld. Lo.* Farewell, be mindfull, and be happy: the night calls me.

*Exeunt omnes præter Abigail.*

*Abig.* The gods of the windes befriend you sir; a constant and a liberrall Lover thou art, more such God send us.

*Enter Welford.*

*Wel.* Let um not stand still, we have rid.

*Abig.* A Sutor I know by his riding hard, Ile not be seene.

*Wel.* A pretty Hall this: No Servant in't? I would looke freshly

*Abig.* You have delivered your errand to me then: ther's no danger in a handsome young fellow: Ile shew my selfe.

*Wel.* Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger, the ordinary grace of salutation: Are you the Lady of this house?

*Abig.* Sir I am worthily proud to be a servant of hers.

*Wel.* Lady, I should be as proud to be a servant of yours; did not

## The Scornfull Lady.

not my so late acquaintance make me despaire.

*Abig.* Sir, it is not so hard to atcheive, but nature may bring it about.

*Well.* For these comfortable words, I remaine your glad debtor.  
*Is your Lady at home?* *Abig.* She is no stragler sir.

*Well.* May her occasions admit me to speake with her?

*Abig.* If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

*Well.* I know your affable vertue will be moved to perswade her; that a Gentleman benighted and strayed, offers to be bound to her for a nights lodging.

*Abig.* I will commend this message to her; but if you aime at her body, you will be deluded: other women of the house-hold's of good carriage and governement, upon any of which, if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithfull, tho not so coy.

*Exit Abigail.*

*Well.* What a skin full of lust is this? I thought I had come a wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right Court-fashion: Men, Women, and all wooe, catch that catch may. If this soft hearted woman have infused any of her tenderesse into her Lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here?

*Enter Sir Roger the Curate.*

*Rog.* God save you sir: My Lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she conferre with you?

*Well.* Sir, my name calls me *Welford*.

*Rog.* Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. Ile try his wit.

*Well.* I will uphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had this two hundred yeares sir.

*Rog.* I knew a worshipfull and a religious Gentleman of your name in the Bishopricke of *Durham*. Calld you him Cousen?

*Well.* I am onely allied to his vertues sir.

*Rog.* It is modestly said: I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

*Well.* What's that, a Crosse? there's a tester.

*Rog.* I meane the name which your Godfathers and Godmothers gave you at the Font.

*Well.* Tis *Harry*: but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechisme: for you have told me who gave me that name.

Shall I beg your name?

*Rog. Roger.*

*Well.* What roome fill you in this house?

*Rog.* More roomes then one.

*Well.* The more the merrier: But may my boldnesse know why

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

why your Lady hath sent you to discipher my name?

*Reg.* Her owne words were these: To know whether you were a formally denyed Tutor, disguised in this message: for I can assure you she delights not in *Tutorials*: *Himen* and she are at variance. I shall returne with much haste.

*Exit Roger.*

*Well.* And much speed sir, I hope: certainly I am arrived amongst a Nation of new-found fooles, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted wit; if I had foreseen it, I would have laded my breeches with Bells, Knives, Copper, and glasses, to trade with women for their virginities: yet I feare, I should have betrayed my selfe to needlesse charge then: here comes the walking night-cap againe.

*Enter Roger.*

*Roger.* Sir, my Ladies pleasure is to see you: who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow, that you must take the paines to come up for so bad entertainment.

*Well.* I shall obey your Lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Master.

*Reg.* I am but a Bachelor of Art, Sir; and I have the mending all under this rooffe, from my Lady on her Downe-bed, to the Maid in the Pease-straw.

*Well.* A Cobler Sir?

*Reg.* No Sir, I doe inculcate Divine Homilies within these Walls.

*Well.* But the inhabitants of this house doe often employ you on errands without any scruple of conscience.

*Reg.* Yes, I doe take the aire many mornings on foot, three or foure miles for Egges: but why move you that?

*Well.* To know whether it might become your function, to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

*Reg.* Most properly Sir.

*Well.* I pray you doe so then: and whilst I will attend your Lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

*Reg.* I doe Sir.

*Well.* And this doore I hope conducts to your Lady?

*Reg.* Your understanding is ingenuous

*Ex. severally*

*Enter Young Lovelesse, and Savill, with a writing.*

*Sa.* By your favour Sir, you shall pardon me.

*Ye. La.* I shall beare your favour Sir, crosse me no more; I say they shall come in.

*Sav.* Sir you forget then who I am?

*Ye. La.* Sir, I doe not; thou art my brothers Steward, his cast off Mill-money, his Kitchin Arithmaticke.

*Sav.* Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me?

*Ye. La.* I make thee not so little as thou art: for indeed, there

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a faire *Inprimis*, and then a reasonable *Item*, infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sa. Nay then you stirre my duty, and I must tell you.

To. La. What wouldst thou tell me, how Hops grow? or hold some rotten discourse of sheepe, or when our Lady day fall? Prethee farewell, and entertaine my friends, be drunke, and burne thy Table-bookes: and my deare Sparke of Velvet, thou and I ———

Sa. Good Sir remember.

To. Lo. I doe remember thee a foolish fellow, one that did put his trust in Almanacks, and Horse-faires, and rose by honey and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sa. Nay, then I must unfold your Brothers pleasure, these be the Lessons sir, he left behind him.

To. Lo. Prethee expound the first.

Sa. I leave to keepe my house three hundred pounds yeare, and my Brother to dispose of it.

To. Lo. Marke that my wicked Steward, and I dispose of it.

Sa. Whilst he beares himselfe like a Gentleman, and my credit falls not in him. Marke that my good young sir, marke that.

To. Lo. Nay, if it be no more, I shall fulfill it whilst my legges will carry me, Ile beare my selfe like a Gentleman, but when I am drunke, let them beare me that can, Forward deare Steward.

Sav. Next it is my will, that he be furnisht (as my Brother) with attendance, apparrell and the obedience of my people.

Young Lo. Steward this is as plaine as your old Minnikin Breeches. Your wildome will relent now, will it not? Be mollified or ——— you understand me sir, proceed.

Sav. Yet, that my Steward keepe his place, and power, and bound my Brothers wildnesse with his care.

Young Lo. Ile heare no more, this is *Apocrypha*, binde it by it selfe Steward.

Savill. This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you. Capitaines of Gally-foysts, such as in a cleare day have seene *Cullis*, fellows that have no more of God, than their Oathes comes to: they weare swords to reach fire at a Play, and get there the oyld end of a pipe for their guerdon; then the remnant of your Regiment, are wealthy Tobacco Merchants, that set up with one ounce, and breake for three; together with a forlorne hope of Poets, and all these looke like Carthusians, things without sinnen. Are these fit company for my Masters Brother?

Young. Lo



## The Scornefull Lady.

*Young L.* I will either convert thee, (O thou Pagan Steward) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings, Who's there? Call in the Gentlemen. *Savil.* Good sir.

*To. Lo.* Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

*Savil.* Are you my Masters Brother?

*To. Lo.* Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an old *Ephemerides*?

*Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller.*

*Savil.* Then God help all, I say.

*To. Lo.* I, and 'tis well said, my old Peere of France: welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine own deare Lads y'are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry Groat*.

*Cap.* Sir, I will take your love.

*Sav.* Sir, you will take my purse.

*Cap.* And study to continue it. *Sav.* I doe believe you.

*Travel.* Your honourable friend, and Masters Brother, hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hug you, sir.

*Sav.* Has given himselve into the hands of Varlets, not to be carv'd out. Sir, are these the pieces?

*To. Lo.* Thy, are the Morals of the age, the vertues; Men made of gold. *Savil.* Of your gold you mean sir.

*To. Lo.* This is a man of warre, and cryes goe on, and weares his colours. *Sav.* In's nose.

*To. Lo.* In the fragrant field. This is a Traveller sir, knows men and manners, and has plowd up the sea so farre; till both the Poles have knockt, has seen the Sunne take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his Horses, and their kindes; and had a *Flanders Mare* leapt there.

*Sav.* Tis much. *Travel.* I have seen more sir.

*Sav.* Tis enough a conscience; sit down and rest you, you are at the end of the world already. Would you had as good a living sir, as this fellow could lie you out of; has a notable gift yet.

*To. Lo.* This ministers the smoke, and this the Muses.

*Sav.* And you the clothes and meat, and mony, you have a goodly generation of um, pray let them multiply, your brothers house is big enough; and to say truth, has too much land, hang it durt.

*To. Lo.* Why now thou art a loving stinkard. Fire off thy Annotations, and thy Rent-Books, thou hast a weak brain *Savil*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen you are once more welcome to three hundred pound a yeare; we will be freely merry, shall we not?

*Cap.*



## The Scornefull-Lady.

Cap. Merry as mirth, and wine, my lovely Lovelesse.

Post. A serious look shall be a jury to excommunicate any man from our company.

Trav. We will not talk wisely neither.

To. Lo. What think you Gentlemen, by all this revenew in drink?

Cap. I am all for drink.

Trav. I am dry till it be so.

Post. He that will no: cry *Amen* to this, let him live sober, seeme wife, and dye o'th *Corum*.

To. Lo. It shall be so, wee'l have it all in drink, let meat and lodging go, th'are transitory, and shew men meerly mortal: then wee'l have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every weeke a fresh one: wee'l keep no powdred flesh: all these wee have by warrant, under the title of things necessary. Here, upon this place I ground it: the obedience of my people, and all necessities: Your opinions Gentlemen?

Cap. Tis plain and evident he meant wenches.

Sav. Good sir, let me expound it.

Cap. Here be as sound men as your self sir, to expound it.

Post. This doe I hold to be the interpretation of it: in this word necessary, is concluded all that be helps to man; woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

To. Lo. Beleeve me, 'tis a learned one; and by these words: The obedience of my people: (you Steward being one) are bound to fetch us wenches.

Cap. He is, he is. To. Lo. Steward, attend us for instructions.

Sav. But will you keep no house sir?

To. Lo. Nothing but drink sir, three hundred pounds in drink.

Sav. O miserable house, and miserable I that live to see it! Good sir, keep some meat.

To. Lo. Get us good Whores, and for your part, *Savil*, Ile boord you in an Ale-house; you shall have cheefe and onions.

Sav. What shall become of me, no chimney smoking?

Well prodigall, your Brother will come-home.

*Exit.*

To. Lo. Come Lads, Ile warrant you for Wenches, three hundred pounds in drink.

*Omnes.* O brave Lovelace.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Finis Actus primi.*

### ACTUS 2. SCENA 1.

*Enter Lady, her sister Martha, Welford, Younglove, and others.*

Lady. Sir, now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you good-night.

Welf. If there be any want, 'tis in want of you,

*Lady.*

## The Stormy Lady.

*Lady.* A little sleep will ease that complaint. Once more good night.

*Well.* Once more deare Lady, and then all sweet nights.

*Lady.* Deare sir be short and sweet then.

*Well.* Shall the morrow prove better to me, shall I hope my sute happier by this nights rest?

*Lady.* Is your sute so sickly that rest will help it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for it. Sir, as a stranger you have had all my welcome: but had I known your errand ere you came, your passage had been straighter. Sir, goodnight. *Exit Lady.*

*Well.* So faire and cruell / deare unkind, goodnight.

Nay sir, you shall stay with me, Ile presse your zeale so farre.

*Rog.* O Lord sir.

*Well.* Doe you love Tobacco?

*Rog.* Surely I love it, but it loveth not me; yet with your reverence Ile be bold.

*Well.* Pray light it Sir. How doe ye like it?

*Rog.* I promise you it is notable ringing geere indeed. It is wet sir, Lord how it brings downe rheume.

*Well.* Handle it againe sir, you have a warme text of it.

*Rog.* Thankes ever promised for it. I promise you it is very powerfull, and by a Trope, spirituall; for certainly it moves in sundry places.

*Well.* I, it does sir, and me especially to aske sir, why you weare a night-cap.

*Rog.* Assuredly I will speake the truth unto you: you shall understand sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; even by that visible beast the Butler.

*Well.* The Butler? certainly he had all his drinke about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Caslocke? The offence Sir?

*Rog.* Reproving him at Tre-trip sir, for swearing; you have the totall surely.

*Well.* You reprov'd him when his rage was set a tilt, and so he crackt your Canons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading: But shall we see these Gentlewomen to night.

*Rog.* Have patience sir, untill our fellow Nicholas be deceast; that is, asleepe, for so the word is taken: so sleepe, to dye, to dye, to sleepe, a very figure sir.

*Well.* Cannot you call another for the Gentlewomen?

*Rog.* No till the man be in his bed, his grave: his grave; his bed: the very same againe sir. Our Comicke Poet gives the reason sweetly, *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of loose-words, and will discover to our Patronesse.

*Well.*

## The Scornfull Lady.

*Wel.* Your Comment Sir, hath made me understand you.

*Enter Mariba, the Ladies Sister, and Younglove*

*to them with a Posset.*

*Roger:* Sir be adrest, the graces do salute you with a full bowle of plenty. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

*Abig:* Hee's safe.

*Kog:* And does he snore out supinely with the Poet?

*Mar:* No, he out-snores the Poet.

*Wel.* Gentlewoman, this courtesie shall bind a stranger to you, ever your servant.

*Mar:* Sir, my Sisters strictnesse makes not us forget you are a stranger, and a Gentleman.

*Abig:* In sooth Sir, were I chang'd into my Lady, a Gentleman so well endued with parts, should not be lost.

*Wel.* I thanke you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you.

See how this foule familiar chews the Cud: from thee, and three and fifty good Love deliver me.

*Mar.* Will you sit down and take a spoon?

*Wel.* I take it kindly Lady. *Mar.* It is our best banquet fir.

*Rog.* Shall we give thanks?

*Wel.* I have to the Gentlemen already fir.

*Mar.* Good fir Roger keep that breath to coole your part o'th Posset, you may chance have a scalding zeale else: and you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to your selfe: Would you could like this fir.

*Wel.* I would your Sister would like me as well Lady.

*Mar.* Sure fir, she would not eat you: but banish that imagination; she's only wedded to her selfe, lies with her selfe, and loves her selfe: and for another husband then her selfe, he may knock at the gate, but nere come in; be wise fir, she's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the least of which is, she cannot love you.

*Abig.* God pardon her, shee'l doe worse, would I were worthy his least grief Mistresse Mariba.

*Wel.* Now I must over-heare her.

*Mar.* Faith would thou hadst them all with all my heart; I do not think they would make thee a day older.

*Abig.* Sir, will you put in deeper, 'tis the sweeter.

*Mar.* Well said old sayings.

*Welford.* She looks like one. Gentlewoman you keep your word, your sweet self has made the bottome sweeter.

C

*Abig.*

## The Scurvy Lady.

*Abg.* Sir, I begin a frolick, dare you change sir?

*Wel.* My self for you, so please you. That little hath turn'd my stomach: This is right the old Emblem of the Moyle cropping of Thistles: Lord what a hunting head she carries, sure she has been ridden with a Martingale. Now I leave deliver mee.

*Reg.* Do I dream, or do I wake? surely I know not: am I trod off, is this the way of all my Morning Prayers? Oh Rager, thou art but grasse, and woman as a flower. Did I for this consume my quarters in meditations, thurs, and wood her in Heroicall Epistles? Did I expound the Owle, and undertooke with labour and experience the collection of those thousand peeces, consumed in Cellars and Tobacco-shops, of that our honoured Englishman N. B. have I done this, and am I done thus to? I will end with the Wife man, and say, He that holds a woman, has an Eke by the tale.

*Mar.* Sir, sit for late, and our entertainment: (meaning our Posses) by this is grown so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest: let what the house has be at your command sir.

*Wel.* Sweet, rest be wish you Lady; and to you what you desire too.

*Abg.* It should be some such good thing like your self then.

*Wel.* Heaven keep me from that curse, and all my issue.

Good night Antiquie. *Exeunt.*

*Reg.* *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.* But Balone.

*Wel.* Learned sir, will you bid my man come to me? and requesting a greater measure of your Learning, good night, good Master Rager.

*Reg.* Good sir, peace be with you.

*Exit Rager*

*Wel.* Adieu deare Domthe: Halfe a dozen such in a Kingdome would make a man forswears confession: for who that had but half his wit about him, would commit the counsell of a serious sin to such a cruell night-cap?

Why how now shall we have an Antique?

*Enter Ser.*

Whose head do you carry upon your shoulders, that you jole it so against the Post? Is't for your ease? Or have you seen the Sello? Where are my slippers sir?

*Ser.* Here sir.

*Wel.* Where sir? have you got the pot verdugo? have you seen the horses sir?

*Ser.* Yes sir.

*Wel.* Have they any meat?

*Ser.* Faith sir, they have a kind of wholsome Rushes, Hay I cannot call it.

*Wel.*

## The Scornfull Lady.

Wel. And no Provender?

Ser. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry fir, and why so?

Ser. Faith fir, here are no Oats to be got, unless you'll have um in porridge, the people are so majely given to spoon-meat: yonders a cart of Coachmanes of the Gentlewomenes, the strangest cattell!

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are transparent fir; you may see through them, and such a house.

Wel. Come fir, the truth of your discovery.

Ser. Sir, they are in tribes like Jewes: the Kitchin and the Dairie make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the Buttery and the Landry are another, and there's no love lost; the Chambers are entire, and what's done there, is somewhat higher then my knowledge: but this I am sure between these copulations, a stranger is kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drink fir:

Wel. What of that fir?

Ser. Faith fir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling Julip, of which three spoonfuls kills the Calenture, a pint breeds the cold, pallie.

Wel. Sir, you belie the house.

Ser. I would I did fir. But as I am a true man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an Asses hoof would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't fir, for if it had proved stronger, you had been tongue-ride of these commendations. Light me the candle fir, I'll heare no more.

*Enter young Lovelace, and his Camrades, with wenches, and two Fiddlers.*

To. Lo. Come my brave man of war, trace out thy Darling:

And you my learned Councell, set and burne boyes:

Kisse till the Cow come home, kisse close, kisse close knaves.

My Modern Poet, thou shalt kisse in complets. *Enter with wine*

Strike up you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping.

This is no pay for Fiddlers.

Cap. O my dear Boy, thy Hercules, thy Captain

makes thee his Hilar, his delight, his Colace.

Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty

Clap him in Shamois: Let there be deducted out of our maine pota-

Five marks in hatchments to adorn this shirt.

Crampt with this rest of peace, and I will fight

Thy Battells



## The Scornefull Lady.

*Yong Lo.* Thou shalt hav't boy, and file in Feather:  
Lead on a March you Michers.

*Enter Savill.*

*Savill.* O my head, O my heart, what a noise and change is here? would I had been cold i'th mouth before this day, and nere have liv'd to see this dissolution. He that lives within a mile of this place, had as good sleep in the perpetuall noise of an iron Mill. There's a dead sea of drink i'th Cellar, in which goodly vessels lie wrack't, and in the middle of this deluge appeares the tops of Flaggons and black Jacks, like Churches drown'd i'th Marshes.

*To. Lo.* What art thou come? My sweet fir *Amias*, welcome to *Troy*. Come, thou shalt kiss my *Hellen*, and court her in a dance.

*Savil.* Good fir consider.

*To. Lo.* Shall we consider Gentlemen? How say you?

*Cap.* Consider, that were a simple toy y'faith, consider! whose *Moral's* that? The man that cries consider is our foe: let my Steele know him.

*To. Lo.* Stay thy dead doing hand, he must not die yet: prethee be calme my *Hector*.

*Cap.* Peasant, slave, thou groome, compos'd of grudgings, live and thank this Gentleman, thou hadst seene *Pluto* else. The next consider kila thee.

*Trav.* Let him drinke downe his word againe in a gallon of sack.

*Poet.* 'Tis but a snuffe, make it two gallons, and let him doe it kneeling in repentance.

*Savil.* Nay rather kill me, there's but a lay-man lost. Good Captain do your office.

*To. Lo.* Thou shalt drink Steward, drinke and dance my steward. Strike him a horn-pipe squeakers, take thy striver, and pace her till she strew.

*Savil.* Sure fir I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for me, pray break my head, and let me goe.

*Cap.* He shall dance, he shall dance.

*To. Lo.* He shall dance, and drink, and be drunk, and dance, and be drunk again: and shall see no meat in a yeare.

*Poet.* And three quarters.

*To. Lo.* And three quarters be ie.

*Cap.* Who knocks there? Let him in.

*Enter Elder Lovelesse disguis'd.*

*Savil.* Some to deliver me I hope.

*El. Lo.* Gentlemen, God save you all, my businesse is to one Master *Lovelesse*.

*Cap.*



*The Scornfull Lady.*

**Cap.** This is the Gentleman you meane, view him, and take his Inventory, he's a right one.

**El. Lo.** He promises no lesse sir.

**Yo. Lo.** Sir, your businesse?

**El. Lo.** Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loath, yet I am sworn so't, would some other tongue would speak it for me.

**Yo. Lo.** Out with it a Gods name.

**El. Lo.** All I desire sir is, the patience and sufferance of a man, and good sir be not mov'd more.

**Yo. Lo.** Then a pottle of sack will doe, here's my hand, prethee thy businesse?

**El. Lo.** Good sir excuse me, and whatsoever you heare, thinke must have been known unto you, and be your self discreet, and bear it nobly.

**Yo. Lo.** Prethee dispatch me.

**El. Lo.** Your Brother's dead sir.

**Yo. Lo.** Thou dost not mean dead drunk.

**El. Lo.** No, no, dead, and drown'd at Sea sir.

**Yo. Lo.** Art sure he's dead?

**El. Lo.** Too sure sir.

**Yo. Lo.** I but art thou very certainly sure of it?

**El. Lo.** As sure sir, as I tell it.

**Yo. Lo.** But art thou sure he came not up again?

**El. Lo.** He may come up, but nere to call you Brother.

**Yo. Lo.** But art sure he had water enough to drown him?

**El. Lo.** Sure sir, he wanted none.

**Yo. Lo.** I would not have him want, I lov'd him better; here I forgive thee: and Ifaith be plain, how doe I bear it?

**El. Lo.** Very wisely sir.

**Yo. Lo.** Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me mov'd, these transitory toyes nere trouble me, he's in a better place, my friend I know't. Some fellowes would have cry'd now, and have cursht thee, & faln out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helps not, he was too good for us, and let God keep him: there's the right use on't friend: Off with thy drink, thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry, fill him another. *Savil*, your Masters dead, and who am I now *Savil*? Nay, lets all beare it well; wipe *Savil*, wipe, teares are but thrown away: we shall have wenches now, shall we not *Savil*?

*Savil.* Yes sir.

**Yo. Lo.** And drink innumerable?

*Savil.* Yes forsooth sir.

**Yo. Lo.** And youle staine currie, and be drunk a little.

*Savil.* I will strive sir to doe my weak endeavour.

## The Scornfull Lady.

Young Lo. You may be brought in time to love a wench too:  
Savil. In time the sturdy Oake fir.

Young Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

El. Lo. I shall be drunk anone for my good newes; but I have a  
loving brother that's my comfort.

Young Lo. Here's to you Sir, this is the work I wish you for your  
newes: and if I had another elder brother, and say it were his chance  
to feed his doctores, I should be still the same you see me now, a  
poore contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, hee's  
deserving it.

El. Lo. I shall be if I follow this beginning. Well my dear brother,  
that if I forget this doeing, I'll be your next to find, you shall  
doubt no more before I help you Sir, I cannot drinke more: pray you  
let me have your pardon.

Young Lo. O Lord sir, tis your modesty: more wine, I give him a  
bigger glasse; hug him my Captain, that shall be my chiefe Mour-  
ner.

Capt. And this my pardon; Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my  
Lord of Land here.

El. Lo. I feel a buzzing in my braines, pray God I beare this out,  
and He nere trouble them so far again: Heres to you Sir.

Young Lo. To my dear Scotland, downe on your knees you Infidell,  
you Pagan, be drunk and penitent.

Savil. Forgive me sir, and He be any thing.

Young Lo. Then be a Bawd, He have a brace a brave Bawd.

El. Lo. Sir, I must take my leave of you, my business is too urgent.

Yo. Lo. Let's have a bridling cast before you go. Fill a new hoop.

El. Lo. I dare not sir, by no means.

Young Lo. Hate you any mind to a wench? I would faine gratifie  
you for the pains you took sir.

El. Lo. A little as to the other.

Young Lo. If you had any stirring, doe but say so.

El. Lo. Sir you are too boisterous; when I feel that stirring, you  
shall all wage it Sir, before another chit onely, and farewell Sir.  
Your brother when the storm was most extreme, told all about  
him, he left a Will which lies close behind a chimney in the Matted  
Chamber: And so as well Sir, as you have made me able, I take my  
leave.

Young Lo. Let us embrace him all, if you grow dry before you  
end your business, pray take a bath here, I have a fresh Molester head  
for you.

Sav.

## The Scornful Lady.

**Sav.** You shall neither will nor choose sir. My master is a wonderful fine Gentleman, has a fine state, a very fine state sir, I am his Steward sir, and his Man.

**El. Lo.** Would you were your own sir, as I left you. Well, I am fast about, or all sinks.

**Sav.** Farewell Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

**El. Lo.** What would you with me sir?

**Sav.** Farewell Gentleman.

**El. O** sleep in, sleep.

**Exit El. Lo.**

**Yo. Lo.** Well boyes, you see what's sale; let's in and drinke, and give thanks for it.

**Sav.** Let's in and drinke, and give thanks for it.

**Young Lo.** Drunk as I live. **Sav.** Drunk as I live boyes.

**Young Lo.** Why, now when art able to discharge thine office, and call up a reckoning of foure weight; I will be knighted, for my state will beare it, 'tis sixteen hundred boyes: Off with your muskes, the skin you all in Sattin. **O sweet Loveless.**

**Sav.** All in Sattin? O sweet Loveless!

**Yo. Lo.** March in my noble Compeeres: and this my Countesse shall be led by two: and so proceed we to the will. **Exeunt.**

**Enter Morrice the Usurer, and Widow.**

**Mor.** And Widow, as I say, be you your owne friend; your Husband left you wealthy, I and wife, continue so sweet duck, continue so. Take heed of young smooth varlets, younger brothers: they are wormes that will eat through your bagges: they are very Lightning, that with a flash or two will melt your money, and never fudge your purse-strings: they are Colts, wench, Colts, heddy and dangerous, till we take um up, and make um fit for bonds: look upon me, I have had, and have yet matter of moment Onie, matter of moment; you may meet with a worse back, I'll not commend it.

**Wid.** Nor I neither sir.

**Mor.** Yet thus far by your favour Widow, tis true.

**Wid.** And therefore not for my diet, for I love a tender one.

**Mor.** Sweet widow, leave your fumps, and be edified: you know my state, I sell no Ruffes, nor Garters, nor Gloves, nor put my trust in shooe-ties; and where your husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dreg'd with meale, and powdered Sugar, Samplers, and graines, worm-feed, and rotten Reasens, and such vile Tobaccos, that made the footmen mangie; I, in a yeare have put up hundreds in colos'd: my Widow, these pleasant Meadows, by a forfeit Mortgage: for which the poore Knight takes a lone Chamber, owes

for

## *The Stornfull Lady.*

for his Ale, and dare not bear his Hostesse: Nay more ———

*Wid.* Good sir, no more, what e're my husband was, I know what I am, and if you marry me, you must beare it bravely off sir.

*Mor.* Not with the head, sweet Widow.

*Wid.* No sweet sir, but with your shoulders: I must have you dub'd, for under that I will not stoop a feather. My husband was a fellow lov'd to toyle, fed ill, made gain his exercise, and so grew costive, which for I was his wife, and gave way to, and spun mine own smocks course, and sir, so little: but let that passe; Time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband, who in penitence of such fruicles five years marriage, left me great with his wealth, which if youle be a worthy Gossip to, be knighted sir. *Enter Savil.*

*More.* Now sir, from whence come you? whose man are you sir?

*Savil.* Sir, I come from young Master Lovelesse.

*More.* Be silent sir, I have no money, not a peny for you, he's sunk, your matters sunk, a perisht man sir.

*Savil.* Indeed his brother's sunk sir, God be with him, a perisht man indeed, and drown'd at sea.

*More.* How saidst thou, good my friend, his brother drown'd?

*Savil.* Untimely sir, at Sea.

*More.* And thy young Master left sole heire?

*Savil.* Yes sir.

*More.* And he wants money.

*Savil.* Yes, and sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

*More.* Widow be wife there's more land coming, Widow be very wife, and give thanks for me Widow.

*Wid.* Be you very wife, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me sir.

*Sav.* What sayes your worship, to this money?

*More.* I say he may have the money if he please.

*Sav.* A thousand sir.

*More.* A thousand sir, provided my wife sir, his land lie for the payment, otherwise ———

*Enter young Lovelesse, and Comrades to them.*

*Savil.* He's here himselfe sir, and can better tell you.

*More.* My notable deare friend, and worthy Master Lovelesse, and now right worshipfull, all joy and welcome.

*Lo.* Thanks to my deare incloset, Master Morecrafts, pretzell old Angel gold, salute my family, Ile do as much for thine: this and your own desires, faire Gentlewoman.

*Wid.* And yours sir, If you mean wel: 'tis a handsome Gentleman.

*Lo.* Lo. Sirrah, my brothers dead.

*More.*

*John The Scornfull Eddy.*

*More.* Dead?

*To. Lo.* Dead, and by this time soult for Ember week.

*More.* Dead?

*To. Lo.* Drown'd, drown'd at Sea, and by the next fresh Conger that comes, we shall heare more.

*More.* Now by the faith of my body it moves me much.

*To. Lo.* What, wilt thou be an Ass; and weepe for the dead? why, I thought nothing but a generall inundation would have mov'd thee; prethee be quiet, he hath left his land behind him.

*More.* O has he so?

*To. Lo.* Yes faith, I thanke him for't, I have all boy, hast any ready money?

*More.* Will you sell sir?

*To. Lo.* No, not out-right, good Gripe; marry, a Mortgage, or such a slight security.

*More.* I have no money fit for Mortgage; if you will sell, and all or none, I'll work a new Mine for you.

*Savil.* Good Sir look afore you, he'll worke you out of all else: if you sell your Land, you have sold your Countrey, and then you must to Sea, to seek your Brother, and there lie pickled in a powdering Tub, and break your teeth with Biskets, and hard Beefe; that must have watering sir, and where's your 300 pounds a yeare in drink then? If you'll turn up the straights, you may; for you have no calling for drink there, but with a Cannon; nor no scoring, but on your ships sides, and then if you scape with life, and take a faggot Boat, and a bottle of *Viquebaugh*, come home poore men, like a type of Thames-street, stinking of pitch and poore *John*. I cannot tell sir, I would be loath to see it.

*Cap. Steward,* you are an Ass, a meazel'd mungrell, and were it not against the peace of my soveraigne friend here, I would breake your fore-casting coxecombe; dogge I would even with thy staffe of Office there, thy pen and ink-horne. Noble boy, the god of gold here has fed thee well, take money for thy durt: harke and beleve, thou art cold of constitution, thy seate unhealthfull, sell and be wise; wee are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own heart's child: mirth shall be only ours, and onely ours shall be the blacke and beauties of the time. Money makes men immortall.

*For.* Doe what you will, 'tis the noblest course, then you may



*The Scurvy-fell Lady.*

live without the charge of people, onely we foure will make a Family; I, and an age that will beget new *Anals*, in which *He* write thy life, my son of pleasure, equall with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

*To. Lo.* What men were they *Captaine*?

*Cap.* Two roaring boyes of *Rome*, that made all folle.

*To. Lo.* Come sit, what dare you give?

*Ser.* You will not sell sir? *To. Lo.* Who told you so sir?

*Ser.* Good he, have a care.

*To. Lo.* Beate or Pleasack your tongue up to your nose! What money? speak. *More.* Six thousand pound sir.

*Cap.* Take it has overbidden by this hand: binde him to his bargain quickly.

*To. Lo.* Come strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings.

*More.* There is six *Angels* in earnest.

*Sav.* Sir, for my old Masters sake, let my Farm be excepted, if I become his *Tenant*, I am undone, my children beggars, and my wife God knows what: consider me deare sir.

*More.* He have all or none.

*To. Lo.* All in all in, dispatch the writings. *Exit with Com.*

*Wid.* Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow, would thou wert wiser.

*Sav.* Now do I sensibly begin to feele my selfe a *Peaseall*: would I could teach; a *Schoole*, or begge, or lye well, I am utterly undone; now he that taught thee to deceive and couzen, take thee to his mercy. *Exit Sav.*

*More.* Come *Widow*, come, never stand upon a *Knight*: *hood*, 'tis a mere paper honour, and not proufe enough for a *Sergeant*: Come, come, I'll make thee free.

*Wid.* To answer in short, 'tis this sir, no *Knight*, no *Widow*, if you make me any thing, it must be a *Lady*: And so I take my leave.

*More.* Farewell sweet *Widow*, and think of it. *Exit Widow.*

*Wid.* Sir, I doe more than think of it, it makes me dream.

*More.* She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her: and say I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the *Trumpets*, I and the *Horse-men* too, and be a *Knight*, and she refuse me then; then am I hoist into the *Subsidy*, and so by consequence should prive a *Coy* comb: I'll have a care of that. Six thousand pound, and then the land is mine: there's some refreshing yet. *Exit.*

*Finis Actus secundi.* *ACT.*



The Scurfull Lady.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 11.

Enter Abigail, and drops her glove.

Abig. If he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me he's man enough, up goes my rest, and I know I shall draw him.

Wel. This is the strangest pamp'rd peece of flesh towards fifty, that ever frailty copt withall, what a trim *lenuy* here she has put upon me: these women are a proud kinde of Cattell, and love this Whorlon doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins Bawds to their flesh. Here's Dogskin and storax sufficient to kill a Hawke: what to doe with it, beside nailing it up amongst Irish heads of Teere, to shew the mightinesse of her palme, I know not: there shee is. I must enter into Dialogue. Lady, you have lost your glove.

Abig. No sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my meaning, Lady, to restore it.

Abig. It will be uncivill in me to take back a favour Fortune hath so well bestowed sir, pray weare it for me.

Wel. I had rather weare a Bell. But harke you Mistress, what hidden vertue is there in this Glove, that you would have mee weare it? Is't good against sore eyes, or will it charme the tooth-ake? Or these red tops being steeped in white Wine-solable, will't kill the itch? Or has it so conceal'd a providence to keep my hand from bonds? If it have none of these, and prove no more but a bare glove of halfe a Crown a paire, 'twill be but a halfe courtesie, I weare two alwayes: 'faith let's draw cuts, one will doe mee no pleasure.

Abig. The tenderesse of his yeares keeps him as yet in ignorance, he's a well moulded fellow, and I wonder his blood should stirre no higher: but 'tis his want of company, I must promissure to him.

Eld. Lov. God save you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir: This is somewhat rude, how came you hither?

Eld. Lo. Why through the doores, they are open.

Wel. What are you, and what business have you here?

Eld. Lo. More I beleieve then you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow speak with? Art thou sober?

Eld. Lo. Yes, I come not here to sleep.

## The Seemefull Lady.

Wel. Prethee what art thou?

El. Lo. As much (gay man) as thou art; I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

Eld. Lo. Yes, more then thou dar'st be, a Souldier.

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrell.

Eld. Lo. No, not with women; I come here to speak with a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why I am one.

Eld. Lo. but not with one so gentle.

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I am not fine yet, I am but new come over, direct mee with your ticket to your Taylor, and then I shall be fine sir. Lady, if there be a better of your sex within this house, I say I would see her.

Abig. Why am not I good enough for you sir?

El. Lo. Your way you'l be too good, pray end my businesse. This is another Sutor. O frail Woman!

Wel. This fellow with his bluntnesse hopes to do more then the long futes of a shoufard could; though he be sowre he's quicke, I must not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to speak with you, shee is more jealous if you speake as if you were new talkt, goe and be handsome, and then you may sit with the Serving-men.

Eld. Lo. What are you sir?

Wel. Troth guess by my outside.

El. Lo. Then I take you sir for some new silken thing weand from the Countrey, that shall (when you come to keep good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray good proud Gentlewoman helpe me to your Mistresse.

Ab. How many lives hast thou, that thou talkst thus rudely?

El. Lo. But one, one, I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one life sir maintaine you ever in such bold sawcinesse?

El. Lo. Yes, amongst a Nation of such men as you are, and be no worse for wearing. Shall I speak with this Lady?

Abig. No by my troth shall you not.

El. Lo. I must stay here then.

Wel. That you shall not neither.

El. Lo. Good fine thing tell me why.

Wel. Good angry thing Ile tell you.

This is no place for such companions,  
Such lousy Gentlemen shall finde their businesse

Better

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

Better i<sup>th</sup> Suburbs, there your strong pitch perfume,  
Mingled with lees of Ale, shall reeke in fashion;  
This is no Thames street fir,

*Abig.* This Gentleman informes you truly.  
Prethee be satisfied, and seek the Suburbs.  
Good Captain, or whatever title else,  
The warlike Eel-boats have bestowed upon thee.  
Go and reform thy self, prethee be sweeter.  
And know my Lady speaks with no such swabbers.

*El. Lo.* You cannot talke me out with your tradition  
Of wit you pick from Playes, goe too, I have found ye;  
And for you, tender fir, whole gentle blood  
Runs in your nose, and makes you snuffe at all,  
But three pil'd people, I doe let you know  
He that begot your Worships Sartin sute,  
Can make no men fir; I will see this Lady,  
And with the reverence of your Silken ship,  
In these old Ornaments.

*Wel.* You will not sure.

*El. Lo.* Sure fir I shall.

*Abig.* You would be beaten out.

*El. Lo.* Indeed I would not, or if I would bee beaten,  
Pray who shall beat me? This good Gentleman  
Lookes as he were o<sup>th</sup> peace.

*Wel.* Sir, you shall see that; will you get you out?

*El. Lo.* Yes that, that shall correct your boyes tongue.  
Dare you fight? I will stay here still.

*Abig.* O their things are out, help, help, for Gods sake.

Madam, they foine at one another.

Madam, why who is within there?

*Lady.* Who breeds this rudenesse?

*Wel.* This uncivil fellow.  
He sayes he comes from Sea, where I beleewe  
H<sup>as</sup> purg'd away his manners.

*Lady.* Why, What of him?

*Wel.* Why he will rudely without once God blesse you,  
Presse to your privacies, and no deniall  
Must stand betwixt your person and his businesse;  
I let goe his ill language.

*Lady.* Sir, have you businesse with me?

*El. Lo.* Madam, some I have,

But

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

But none so serious to pawn my life for't :  
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you.  
Such Knights o'th Sun as this is, to defend  
Men of employment to ye, you may live,  
But in what Fame ?

*La.* Pray stay sir, who has wrong'd you ?

*El. Lo.* Wrong me he cannot, though unctvilly  
He flung his wild words at me : But to you  
I think he did no honour, to deny  
The haste I come withall, a passage to you,  
Though I seem course.

*La.* Excuse me gentle sir, 'twas from my knowledge,  
And shall have no protection. And to you Sir,  
You have shew'd more heat then wit, and from your self  
Have borrowed power I never gave you here,  
To doe these vild unmanly things : my house  
Is no blind street to swagger in, and my favours  
Not doting yet on your unknown deserts  
So far, that I should make you Master of my businesse :  
My credit yet stands fairer with the people  
Then to be tride with sword ; And they that comes  
To doe me service, must not think to win me  
With a hazard of a match : If your love  
Consist in fury, carry it to the Camp,  
And there in honour of some common Mistrisse,  
Shorten your youth : I pray be better temper'd,  
And give me leave a while fir.

*Wel.* You must have it.

*Exit Welford.*

*La.* Now Sir, your businesse ?

*El. La.* First, I thank you for schooling this young fellow.  
When his own follies, which are prone enough  
Dally to fall into, if you but frown,  
Shall levell him a way to his repentance :  
Next, I should raile at you, but you are a woman,  
And anger's lost upon you.

*La.* Why at me sir ?

I never did you wrong, so to my knowledge,  
This is the first sight of you.

*El. La.* You have done that,  
I must confesse I have the least share in,

Because

*The Scornfull Lady.*

Because the least acquaintance: But these be  
(If there be honour in the minds of men)  
Thousand, when they shall know what I deliver,  
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame  
Blatt your black memorie.

La. How is this good sir?

El. Lo. 'Tis that, that if you have a soule, will choak it;  
Y'ave kil'd a Gentleman.

El. Lo. You and your cruelty have kil'd him woman,  
And such a man (let me be angry in't),  
Whose least worth weighed above all womens vertues  
That are: I spare you all to come too: guesse him now.

La. I am so innocent; I cannot sir

El. Lo. Repent you meane, are you a perfect woman;  
And as the first was, made for mans undoing?

La. Sir, you have mist your way, I am not she.

El. Lo. Would he had mist his way too, thought he had  
Wandred farther then women are ill spoken of,  
So he had mist this miserie, you Lady.

La. How doe you doe Sir?

El. Lo. Well enough I hope.  
While I can keep my self out from temptations.

La. Pray leap into the matter, whither would ye?

El. Lo. You had a Servant that your perversnesse  
Injoyn'd to travaile.

La. Such a one I have  
Still, and should be grieved were otherwise.

El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be griev'd, he's dead;

How you will answer for his worth, I know not,  
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both,  
Were stark mad, else he might have liv'd,  
To have given a stronger testimony to the world,  
Of what he might have been. He was a man,  
I knew but in his evening, ten Squares after,  
Forc'd by tyrant storm, our beaten Bar,  
Bulg'd under us: in which sad parting blow,  
He cal'd upon his Saint, but not for life,  
On you unhappy woman, and whilst all  
Sought to preserve their soules, he desparately  
Embrac'd a wave, crying to all that saw it,  
If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me,



## *The Scornfull Lady.*

To this untimely end, and make her happy :  
His name was *Lovelles*, And I scap't the storm,  
And now you have my businesse.

*La.* 'Tis too much.

Would I had been that storm, he had not perisht.

If you'l raile now, I will forgive you fir.

Or if you'l call in more, if any more

Come from his ruine, I shall justly suffer

What they can say, I do confesse my self

A guilty cause in this, I would say more,

But grief is grown too great to be delivered.

*El. Lo.* I like this well: these women are strange things.

'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep :

You should haue wept when he was going from you,

And chain'd him with these teares at home.

*La.* Would you had told me then so, these two, armes had been  
his Sea.

*El. Lr.* Trust me, you move me much : but say he lived, these  
were forgotten things again.

*Lo.* I, say you so? Sure I should know that voice : this is knave-  
ry, I'll fit you for it : Were he living fir, I would perswade you to be  
charitable, I, and confesse we are not all so ill, as your opinion  
holds us. Oh my friend, what pennance shall I put upon my fault,  
upon my most unworthy self for this?

*El. Lo.* Leave them to others, 'twas some jealousy,  
That turn'd him desperate.

*La.* He be with you strait : are you wrung there?

*El. Lo.* This works again upon her.

*La.* I do confesse there is a Gentleman,

Has borne me long good will.

*El. Lr.* I do not like that.

*La.* And vowed a thousand services to me; to me, regardless of  
him: But since Fate, that no power can withstand, has taken from  
me my first, and best love, and to weepe away my youth is a  
meere folly, I will shew you what I determine fir: you shall know  
all: Call Mr. *Welford* there: That Gentleman I meane to make  
the modell of my Fortunes, and in his chaste imbraces, keepe a-  
live the memory of my lost lovely *Lovelles*: he is somewhat like  
him too.

*El. Lo.* Then you can love?

*La.* Yes-certainly fir,

Though it please you to think me hard and cruell,

I hope I shall perswade you otherwise.

*El. Lo.*

## The Scornefull Lady.

*El. lo.* I have made my selfe a fine foole.

*Enter Welford.*

*Wel.* Would you have spoken with me Madam?

*La.* Yes, *M. Welf.* and I ask you pardon before this Gentleman, for being forward: this kisse, and henceforth more affection.

*El. lo.* So, tis better I were drown'd indeed.

*Wel.* This is a sudden passion, God hold it.

• This fellow out of his feare, sure has

Perfwaded her. Ile give him a new suit on't.

*La.* A parting kisse, and good fir, let me pray you

To wait me in the Gallerie.

*Wel.* I am in another world, Madam where you please. *Ex. Welf.*

*El. lo.* I will to Sea, an't shall go hard but Ile be drown'd indeed.

*La.* Now fir you see I am no such hard hearted creature, But time may win mee.

*El. lo.* You have forgot your lost love.

*La.* Alas fir, what would you have me to doe? I cannot call him back again with sorrow; Ile love this man as dearly, and bethrow me, Ile keep him farre enough from Sea; and 'twas told me, now I remember me, by an old wise woman, that my first love should bee drown'd, and see tis come about.

*El. lo.* I would she had told you your second should bee hang'd too, and let that come about: but this is very strange.

*La.* Faith fir, consider all, and then I know you'l be of my mind: If weeping could redeem him, I would weep still.

*El. lo.* But say that I were *Lovelesse*, And scap'd the storm, how would you answer this?

*La.* Why, for that Gentleman I would leave all the world.

*El. lo.* This young thing too?

*La.* This young thing too.

Or any young thing else: why, I would lose my state.

*El. lo.* Why then he lives still; I am he, your *Lovelesse*.

*La.* Alas I knew it fir, and for that purpose prepared this Pageant: get you to your taske, and leave these Players trickes, or I shall leave you, indeed I shall. Travell, or know me not.

*El. lo.* Will you then marry?

*La.* I will not promise, take your choice. Farewell.

*El. lo.* There is no other Purgatorie but a woman:

I must doe something.

*Exit Lovelesse.*

*Wel.* Mistress I am bold.

*Enter Welford.*

*La.* You are indeed.

*Wel.* You so over-joyed me Lady.

E

*La.*

## The Scornefull Lady.

**La.** Take heed you surfet not, pray fast and welcome.

**Wel.** By this light you love me excreably.

**La.** By this light and to morrowes light, I care not for you.

**Wel.** Come, come, you cannot hide it.

**La.** Indeed I can, where you shall never finde it.

(cont-)

**Wel.** I like this mirth well Lady.

**La.** You shall have more

**Wel.** I must kisse you.

**La.** No fir.

**Wel.** Indeed I must.

**La.** What must be, must be; He take my leave, you have your parting blow: I pray commend me to those few friends you have, that sent you hither, and tell them, when you travell next, 'twere fit you broughte little bravery with you, and more wit, you'll never get a wife else.

**Wel.** Are you in earnest?

**La.** Yea faith. Will you eat fir, your Horses will bee ready straight, you shall have a napkin laid in the Buttery for ye.

**Wel.** Doe not you love me then?

**La.** Yes, for that face.

**Wel.** It is a good one Lady.

**La.** Yes, if it were not warpt, the fire in time may mend it.

**Wel.** Me thinkes yours is none of the best Lady.

**La.** No by my troth fir; yet o'my conscience

You would make shift with it.

**Wel.** Come pray no more of this.

**La.** I will not: Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? Bring out the Gentlemans horses, he's in haste; and set some cold meat on the Table.

**Wel.** I have too much of that I thank you Lady: take your chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you Lady.

**La.** Farewell young man.

*Exit Lady.*

**Wel.** You have made me one, Farewell: and may the curse of a great house fall upon thee, I mean the Butler. The Devill and all his orkes are in these women, would all of my sex were of my minde, would make um a new Lent, and a long one, that flesh might be in more reverence with them.

*Enter Abigail to him.*

**Ab.** I am sorry M. Welford. **Wel.** So am I that thou art here.

**Ab.** How does my Lady use you?

**Wel.** As I would use thee,

**Ab.** I should have been more kinde fir.

(scurvily.)

**Wel.** I should have been undone then. Pray leave 'me, and looke to your sweet meats; hark your Lady calls.

**A.** Sir, I shall borrow so much time without offence.

**Wel.** Thou art nothing but offence, for loves sake leave me.

**Ab.** Tis strange my Lady should be such a tyrant.

*Wel.*

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

*Wel.* To send you to me, pray goe stich, good doe, you are more trouble to me than a Terme.

*Ab.* I do not know how my good will, if I said lowe, I lyed not, should any way deserve this.

*Wel.* A thousand wayes, a thousand wayes; sweet creature let me depart in peace. *Ab.* What creature sir? I hope I am a woman.

*Wel.* A hundred I think by your noise.

*Ab.* Since you are angry sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a woman and a rib. *Wel.* Of a rosted horse. *Abi.* Conster me that.

*Wel.* A Dog can do it better; Farewell Countesse, and commend me to your Lady, tell her she's proud and scurvie, and so I commend you both to your tempter. *Ab.* Sweet M. Welford.

*Wel.* Avoid old *Satanus*: Got daub your ruines, thy face lookes fouler than a storm: the Footman staves you in the Lobby Lady.

*Ab.* If you were a Gentleman, I should know it by your gentle conditions: are these fit words to give a Gentlewoman?

*Wel.* As fit as they were made for ye: Strath, my horses, Farewell old Adage, keep your nose warme, the Rheume will make it horne else. *Exit Welford.*

*Ab.* The blessings of a prodigall young heir be thy companion Welford, marry come up my Gentleman, are your gums growne so tender they cannot bite? A skittish Filly will be your fortune Welford, and faire enough for such a packfaddle. And I doubt not (if my aim hold) to see her made to amble to your hand. *Exit Abigail:*

*Enter young Lovelesse and Comrades, Morecraft, Widow,*

*Savill, and the rest.*

*Cap.* Save thy brave shoulder, my young puissant Knight, and may thy back-sword bite them to the bone, that love thee not, thou art an errant man, goe on. The circumcis'd shall fall by thee. Let land and labour fill the man that tills, thy sword must be thy Plow, and Jove it speed. *Mecha* shall sweat, and *Mabomet* shall fall, and thy deare name fill up his Monument

*Yo. Lo.* It shall Captain, I mean to be a Worthy.

*Cap.* One Worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

*More.* Captain, I shall deserve some of your love too, I hope.

*Cap.* Thou shalt have heart and hand too, noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend me money. I am a man of Garrison, be rul'd, and open to me those infernall gates, whence none of thy evill Angels passe again, and I will stile thee noble, nay *Don Diego*, Ile'wooe thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.

## The Scornfull Lady.

*More.* Pardon me Captain, y'are beside my meaning.

*To. lo.* No, M. *Morecraft*, tis the Capitaines meaning I should prepare her for ye.

*Cap.* Or provoke her.

Speak my modern man, I say provoke her.

*Poet.* Captain, I say so too, or stir her to it. So say the Criticks.

*To. lo.* But howsoever you expound it fir, she's very welcome, and this shall serve for witnesse. And Widow, since y'are come so happily, you may deliver up the Keyes, and free possession of this house, whilst I stand by to ratifie.

*Wid.* I had rather give it back again beleve me.

Tis a misery to say you had it. Take heed.

*To. lo.* Tis past that Widow; come sit down, some Wine there, there is a scurvie banquet if wee had it. Mr. *Morecraft*, all this faire house is yours fir. *Savil?* *Sav.* Yes fir.

*To. Lo.* Are your keyes ready, I must ease your burthen.

*Sav.* I am ready fir to be undone when you shall call me to't.

*To. lo.* Come, come, thou shalt live better.

*Sav.* I shall have lesse to do, that's all; there is half a dozen of my friends i'th fields Sunning against a bank, with half a breech among um, I shall be with um shortly. The care and continual vexation of being rich, eat up this rascall; what shall become of my poore family? they are no sheep, and yet they must keep themselves.

*To. lo.* Drink M. *Morecraft*, pray be merry all:

Nay, and you will not drink there's no societie;

Captain, speak loud, and drink: Widow a word?

*Cap.* Expound her throughly Knight. Here god a gold, here's to thy faire possessions: Be a Baron, and a bold one: Leave off your tickling of young heires like Trouts, and let thy Chimnies smoke. Feed men o'war, live and be honest, and be saved yet.

*More.* I thank you worthy Captain for your counsell, you keepe your chimnies smoking there, your nostrils; and when you can, you feed a man of war, this makes you not a Baron, but a bare one: and how or when you shall be saved, let the Clerk o'th Company (you have commanded) have a just care of.

*Poet.* The man is much moved. Be not angry Sir, but as the Poet sings, let your displeasure be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home and bitterly to me fir: Captain take truce, the Miser is a tart and a wittie whorson.

*Cap.* Poet you fain perdie; the wit of this man lies in his fingers ends, he must tell all; his tongue fils his mouth like a neats-tongue,  
and



## *The Scornefull Lady.*

and only serves to lick his hungrie chaps after a purchase : his brains & brimstone are the Devils diet to a fat usurers head : to her knight, to her, clap her aboard, and stow her. Where's the brave Steward ?

*Sav.* Here's your poore friend, and *Savil* sir.

*Cap.* Away, th'art rich in tenements of Nature. First in thy face, thou hast a serious face, a betting, bargaining, and saving face, a rich face, pawn it to the Usurer ; a face to kindle the compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Justice.

*Sav.* Tis such I shall not dare to shew it shortly sir.

*Cap.* Be blithe and bonny Steward. *M. Morecraft,*  
Drink to this man of reckoning. *More.* Here's ne to him :

*Sav.* The Devill guide it downward : would there were in't an aker of the great broom-field he bought, to sweep your dirty conscience, or to choke you, tis all one to me Usurer.

*To. lo.* Consider what I told you, you are young, unapt for worldly businesse : Is it fit one of such tendernesse, so delicate, so contrary to things of care, should stirre and break her better meditations, in the bare brokerage of a brace of Angels, or a new Kirtle, though it be Sattin : Eat by the hope of surfets, and lie down onely in expectation of a morrow, that may undoe some easie hearted foole, or reach a Widowes curses ; let out money whose use returns the principall : and get out of these troubles, and consuming' heire : For such a one must follow necessarie, you shall die hated, if not old and miserable ; and that posselt wealth that you got with pining, live to see tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more a kin to you, than you to his cozenage. *Wid.* Sir, you speak well, would God that charitie had first begun here.

*To. lo.* Tis yet time. Be merrie, me thinkes you want wine there, there's more i'th house : Captaine, where rests the health ?

*Cap.* It shall goe round boy.

*To. lo.* Say you can suffer this, because the end points at much profit, and can you so farre bow below your blood, below your too much beautie, to be a partner of this fellowes bed, and lie with his diseases ? If you can, I will not presse you further : yet look upon him, there's nothing in that hide-bound usurer, that man of mat, that all decay'd, but aches, for you to love, unlesse his perisht lungs, his dry cough, or his scurvy. This is truth, and so far I dare speak yet ; he has yet, past cure of Physick, spaw, or any diet, a primitive pox in his bones : and a my knowledge he has been ten times roweld : ye may love him ; he had a bastard, his owne toward issue whipt, and then cropt for washing out the roses, in three farthings

to

*The Scurfull Lady.*

to make am pence.

*Widow.* I do not like the Morals.

*To. Lo.* You must not like him then.

*Enter Eld. Lo.*

*Eld. Lo.* By your leave Gentlemen.

*To. Lo.* By my troth sir you are welcome, welcome faith : Lord what a stranger you are growne ; pray know this Gentlewoman , and if you please , these friends here : we are merry, you see the worst on's ; your house has been kept warm sir.

*El. Lo.* I am glad to hear it brother, pray God you are wise too.

*To. Lo.* Pray Mr. Morecraft know my elder brother , and Capitaine, doe you complement ; *Savill*, I dare sweare is glad at heart to see you : Lord, we heard sir you were drown'd at Sea, and see how luckily things come about ?

*More.* This money must be paid back again sir.

*To. Lo.* No sir, pray keep the Sale, 'twill make good Taylors measures : I am well I thank you.

*Vvi.* By my troth the Gentleman has stewd him in his owne Sawce, I shall love him for't

*Sa.* I know not where I am, I am so glad : your Worshipp is the welcomst man alive ; upon my knees I bid you welcome home : here has been such a hurry, such a din, such dismall drinking, swearing, and whoring, 'thas almost made me mad : wee have lived in a continuall Turnball-street : Sir, blest be the houre that sent you safe again ; now shall I eat, and goe to bed again.

*El. Lo.* Brother dismisse these people.

*To. Lo.* Captain be gone a while, meet me at my old *Randevouze* in the evening, take your small Poet with you. *M. Morecraft*, you were best goe prattle with your learned Councell, I shall preserve your money, I was cozened when time was, we are quit sir.

*Wid.* Better and better stil. *El. Lo.* What is this fellow brother ?

*To. Lo.* A thirsty Usurer, that supt my land off.

*El. Lo.* What does he carry for ?

*To. Lo.* To be Landlord of your House and State : I was bold to make a little sale sir.

*More.* Am I over-reach'd ? if there be Law He hamper ye.

*El. Lo.* Prethee be gone, and rave at home, thou art so base a fool I cannot laugh at thee : Sirrah, this comes of cozening, honest and spare, eat Radish till you raise your sums again. If you stir farre in this, He have you whipt, your eares nail'd for intelligencing to th Pillorie, and your goods forfeit : you are a stale cozeney, leave my house : no more——

*More*

## The Scornfull Lady.

*More.* A pox upon your House. Come Widow, I shall yet hamper this young Gamester.

*Wid.* Good twelve pith the hundred keep your way, I am not for your diet, marry in your own Tribe Jew, and yet a Broker.

*To. lo.* Tis well said Widow: Will you jogge on sir?

*More.* Yes, I will goe, but 'tis no matter whither: But when I trust a wild foole and a woman, May I lend gratis, and build Hospitals.

*To. lo.* Nay good sir, make all even, here's a Widow wants your good word for me, she's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.

*El. lo.* I am glad you look before you. Gentlewoman, here is a poore distressed younger brother.

*Wid.* You doe him wrong sir, he is a Knight.

*El. lo.* I ask you mercy: yet tis no matter, his knighthood is no inheritance I take it: Whatsoever he is, he is your servant, or would be Lady. Faith be not merciesse, but make a man; hee's young and handsome, though he be my brother, and his observances may deserve your love: he shall not fall for meanes.

*Wid.* Sir, you speak like a worthy brother: and so much I doe credit your faire language, that I shall love your brother: and so love him, but I shall blush to say more.

*El. lo.* Stop her mouth. I hope you shall not live to know that houre when this shall be repented. Now brother, I should chide, but Ile give no disfast to your faire Mistress, I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't: you have been wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

*To. lo.* Sir, every day now Spring comes on.

*El. lo.* To you good M. Savil, and your office; thus much I have to say: Yare from my Steward become, first your own Drunkard, then his Bawd: they say yare excellent grown in both, and perfect: give me your keyes sir Savil.

*Sav.* Good sir, consider who you left me to.

*El. lo.* I left you as a curb, not to provoke my brothers follies: where's the best drink now? come tell me Savil: where's the soundest whores? Ye old he Goat, ye dried Ape, ye lame Stallion, must you be leaping in my house, your whores, like Fairies dance their nights rounds, without feare either of King or Constable, within my walls? Are all my Hangings safe, my sheep unfold yet? I hope my Plate is currant, I ha' too much on't. What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

*Sav.* Good sir forgive me, and but heare me speak.

*El. lo.* Me thinkes thou shouldst be drunk still, and not speak, 'tis  
th:

## The Scornfull Lady.

the more pardonable. *Sav.* I will fir, if you will have it so.

*Elis.* I thank ye: Yes, e'ne pursue it first do you hear? get a whore soon for your recreation: got look out *Captain Broken-bierch*, your fellow, and quarrell if you dare: I shall deliver these keyes to one shall have more honestie, though not so much fine wit Sir. You may walk and gather *Cresses* fir, to cool your liver; there's something for you to begin a diet, you'll have the pox else: speed you well fir *Savil*: you may eat at my house to preserve life, but keep no fornication in the stables. *Excunt omnes præter Savil.*

*Sav.* Now must I hang my selfe, my friends will look for it: Eating and sleeping, I doe despise you both now: I will run mad first, and if that get no pittie, Ile drown my selfe to a most dismall death. *Exit Savil.*

*Finis Actus tertii.*

### ACTUS 4. SCENAE.

*Enter Abigail solus.*

*Abig.* Alas poore Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath Age brought thee? to what a scurvie Fortune? thou that hast beene a companion for Noblemen, and at the worst of those times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Serving-man must begge for favour to those, that would have crawld like Pilgrims to my Chamber, but for an apparition of me: you that be comming on, make much of fifteen, and so till five and twenty, use your time with reverence, that your profit may arise: it will not carrie with you, ecce signum: here was a face, but time that like a surfet, eates out youth, plague of his iron teeth, and draw um forth, has been a little bolder here than welcome: and now to say the truth, I am fit for no man. Old men i'th house of fifty, call me Granam; and when they are drunke; e'ne then, when *Joane* and my *Lady* are all one, not one will doe me reason. My little Levite hath forsaken me, his silver sound of Citterne, quite abolisht his dolefull hymnes under my Chamber Window, digested into tedious learning: well foole, you leapt a haddock when you left him: he is a cleane man, and a good edifier, and twentie nobles is his state *de claro*, besides his Pigges in posse. To this good *Homilist* I have been ever stubborn, which God forgive me for, and mend my manners: And love if ever thou hadst care of fourty, of such a peece of lape ground, heare my prayer, and fire his zeale so far forth, that my faults in this renewed impression of my love, may shew corrected to our gentle Reader.

*Enter Roger.*

See

## The Sevenfull Lady.

See how negligently he passes by me: with what an Equipage Canonically, as though he had broken the heart of *Bellarmino*, or added something to the singing Brethren. 'Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it, Master Roger.

Rog. Faire Gentlewoman, my name is Roger.

Abig. Then gentle Roger.

Rog. Ungentle Abigal.

Abig. Why M. Roger, will you set your wit to a weak woman?

Rog. You are weak indeed, for so the Poet sings.

Ab. I doe confesse my weaknesse, sweet Sir Roger.

Rog. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating, you have a season of your first mother in ye: and surely had the Devill been in love, he had been abused like me: Go *Dalila*, you make men fools, and weare fig-breeches.

Ab. Well, well, hard hearted man, you may dilate upon the weak infirmities of women: these are fit texts, but once there was a time, would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes, those Orient eyes.

Re. I, they were pearles once with you.

Ab. Saving your reverence sir, so they are still.

Re. Nay, nay, I do beseech you leave your cogging, what they are, they are, they serve me without spectacles, I thank um.

Ab. O will you kill me? Re. I doe not think I can. Y<sup>e</sup> are like a Copy-hold with nine lives in't.

Ab. You were wont to beare a Christian feare about you: For your own worships sake.

Re. I was a Christian fool then: Do you remember what a dance you led me? how I grew quam'd in love, and was a dunce? could not expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: and then out of the stinking stir you put me in, I praid for my own roial issue. You do remember all this?

Ab. O be as then you were. Re. I thank you for it, surely I will be wiser Abigal: And as the Ethnick Poet sings, I will not lose my oyle and labour too. Y<sup>e</sup> are for the worshipfull I take it Abigal.

Ab. O take it so, and then I am for thee.

Re. I like these teares well, and this humbling also; they are Symptomes of contrition, as a Father saith. If I should fall into my fit againe, would you not shake me into a quotidian Coxcombe? Would you not use me scurvily again, and give me possets with purging Comfets in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me, than a long Chapter with a Pedegree.



## The Scornfull Lady.

**Old.** O Curses curse me: I will love thee better, dearer, longer, I will doe any thing, betray the secrets of the maine House-hold to thy reformation. My Ladie shall looke lovingly on thy learning; and when due time shall point thee for a Parson, I will convert thy egges to penne diltards, and thy tittle goose shall graze and multiply.

**Rog.** I am mollified, as well shall testifie this faithfull Kisse; but have a great care Mistrisse *Abigail*, how you depreesse the Spirit any more with your rebukes and mockes: for certainly the edge of such a folly cuts it self.

**Abig.** O Sir, you have pierc'd me thorow; here I vow a recantation to those malicious faults I ever did against you. Never more will I despise your learning, never more pin cards and Cony-tailes upon your Cassock, never again reproach your reverend night-cap, & call it by the uningle name of Murrin, never your reverend person more, and say, you look like one of *Baals* Priests in the hanging; never again when you say grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers, never cramp you more with the great book of Martyrs, nor when you ride, get sope & thistles for you. No my *Roger*, these faults shall be corrected and amended, as by the tenour of my teares appeares.

**Rog.** Now cannot I hold if I should bee hang'd, I must cry too. Come to thine own beloved *Abigail*, and doe even what thou wilt with me sweet, sweet *Abigail*. I am thine own for ever, here's my hand, when *Rog.* proves a recreant, hang him i'th Belropes.

*Enter Lady and Martin.*

**La.** Why how now Master *Roger*, no prayers downe with you to night? Did you heare the bell ring? you are courting: your flock shall fat well for it.

**Rog.** Humbly aske your pardon: He chop up pralers (but stay a little) and be with you again. *Exit Rog. Enter El. Lo.*

**La.** How dare you, being so unworthy a fellow, presume to come to move me any more?

**Eld. lo.** Ha, ha, ha.

**La.** What asles the fellow?

**Eld. lo.** The fellow comes to laugh at you, I tell you Ladie, I would not for your land, be such a Coxcomb, such a whining Ass, as you decreed me for when I was last here.

**La.** I joy to heare you are wife, 'tis a rare Jewell in an elder brother: pray be wiser yet.

**Eld. lo.** Me thinks I am very wife; I doe not come a wooing, Indeede ile move no more love to your Ladiship.

*La.*

## The Scornfull Lady.

*La.* What make you here then?

*Eld. lo.* Onely to see you and be merrie *Ladie*: that's all my business. Faith let's be verie merrie. Where's little *Roger*? he's a good fellow, an houre or two well spent in wholesome mirth, is worth a thousand of these puling passions, 'Tis an ill world for lovers.

*La.* They were never fewer.

*Eld. lo.* I thank heaven there's one lesse for me *Ladie*.

*La.* You were never any fir.

*Eld. lo.* Till now, and now I am the prettiest fellow.

*La.* You talk like a Tailor fir,

*Eld. lo.* Me thinks your faces are no such fine things now.

*La.* Why did you tell me you were wife? What a lying Age is this? Where will you mend these faces?

*Eld. lo.* A hog's face soult is worth a hundred of ours.

*La.* Sure you had a Sow to your mother.

*Eld. lo.* She brought forth such fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parsons, *Ladie*.

*La.* 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergie yet.

*Eld. lo.* That will not save you O that I were in love again with a wifh. *La.* By this light y'are a scurvie fellow, pray be gone.

*Eld. lo.* You know I am a clean skind man. *La.* Do I know it?

*Eld. lo.* Come, come, you would know it; that's as good: but not a snap, never long for't, not a snap deare *Ladie*.

*La.* Hark ye fir, hark ye, get ye to the Suburbs, there's Horse-flesh for such hounds: will you go fir?

*El. lo.* Lord how I lov'd this woman, how I worship't this pretty calfe with the white face here: as I live, you were the prettiest soole to play withall, the wittiest little varlet, it would take: (Lord how it talk't: and when I angered it, it would cry out, and scratch, and eat no meat, and it would say, go hang

*La.* It will say so still if you anger it.

*El. lo.* And when I askt it if it would be married, it sent me of an errant into France, and would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

*La.* Sir, this is most unmanly, pray be gone.

*El. lo.* And swear (even when it twittered to be at me) I was unhanfome. *La.* Have you no manners in you?

*El. lo.* And say my back was melted, when heaven knowes, I kept it at a charge: Foure Flanders Mares would have been easier to me, and a Fencer.

*La.* You think all this is true now.

*El. lo.* Faith whether it be or no, tis too good for you.

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

But so much for our mirth. Now have at you in earnest.

*La.* There's enough sir, I desire no more.

*El. lo.* Yes faith, we'll have a cast at your best parts now,  
And then the Devill take the worst!

*La.* Pray sir no more, I am not so much affected with your commendations, 'tis almost dinner, I know they stay for you at the Ordinarie.

*El. lo.* E'ne a short Grace, and then I am gone: You are a woman, and the proudest that ever lov'd a Coach: the scornfullest, scurviest, and most senselesse woman, the greediest to be prais'd, and never mov'd, though it be grosse and open: the most envious, that at the poore fame of anothers face, would eat your own, and more than is your own, the paint belonging to it: of such a self opinion, that you think none can deserve your glove: and for your malice, you are so excellent, you might have been your tempters Tutor: nay, never cry.

*La.* Your own heart knowes you wrong me: I cry for ye?

*El. lo.* You shall before I leave you.

*La.* Is all this spoke in earnest?

*El. lo.* Yes, and more, as soon as I can get it out.

*La.* Well, out with't.

*El. lo.* You are: let me see:

*La.* One that has us'd you with too much respect.

*El. lo.* One that has us'd me (since you will have it so) the basest, the most foot-boy like, without respect of what I was, or what you might be by me: you have us'd me as I would use a jade, ride him off's legges, then turn him to the Commons: you have us'd me with discretion, and I thank ye. If you have many more such pretty servants, pray build an Hospitall, and when they are old, pray keep-um for shame.

*La.* I cannot think yet this is serious.

*El. lo.* Will you have more on't?

*La.* No faith, there's enough if it be true:

Too much by all my part: you are no lover then?

*El. lo.* No, I had rather be a Carrier.

*La.* Why, the Gods amend all

*El. lo.* Neither do I thinke there can bee such a fellow found i'th world, to be in love with such a froward woman: if there bee such, th'are mad, Jove comfort um. Now have you all, and I as new a man, as light, as spirited, that I feele my selfe cleane through another creature. O 'tis brave to be ones own man, I can see you now as I would see a picture, sit all day by you, and never kisse your hand,  
heare

## The Scornfull Lady.

heare you sing and never fall backward : but with as set a temper as I would heare a Fidler, rise and thank you. I can now keep my money in my purse, that still was gadding out for Scarfs and Waistcoats; and keep my hand from Mercers sheeps skins finely. I can eat Mutton now, and feast my selfe with my two shillings, and can see a Play for eighteen pence again, I can my Lady, I can.

*La.* The carriage of this fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let me speake a little private with you, I must not suffer this.

*El. lo.* Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me ?  
You will not ravish me ? Now, your set speech ?

*La.* Thou perjur'd man. *El. lo.* Ha, ha, ha, this a fine *exordium* ?  
And why I pray you perjur'd ?

*La.* Did you not sweare a thousand thousand times, you lov'd me best of all things ?

*El. lo.* I doe confesse it : make your use of that.

*La.* Why doe you say you doe not then ?

*El. lo.* Nay, Ile sweare it.

And give sufficient reason, your own usage.

*La.* Doe you not love me now then ? *El. lo.* No faith.

*La.* Did you ever think I lov'd you dearly ?

*El. lo.* Yes, but I see but rotten fruits on't.

*La.* Doe not deny your hand, for I must kisse it, and take my last farewell : now let me die, so you be happie.

*El. lo.* I am too foolish : Lady, speak deare Lady.

*La.* No, let me die. *She swounes.*

*Ma.* O my sister ! *Abig.* O my Lady, help, help.

*Mar.* Run for some *Rosafolis*.

*El. lo.* I have plaid the fine asse ; bend her body : Lady, best, dearest, worthiest Lady, heare your servant : I am not as I shew'd. O wretched foole to sling away the jewell of thy life thus. Give her more aire ; see, she begins to stir, sweet Mistresse heare me.

*La.* Is my servant well ? *El. lo.* In being yours, I am so.

*La.* Then I care not.

*El. lo.* How doe ye ? Reach a chaire there ; I confesse my fault not pardonable : in presuming thus upon such tenderneffe, my wilfull error ; but had I known it would have wrought thus with ye, thus strangely, not the world had won me to it, and let not (my best Lady) any word spoke to any end, disturb your quiet peace : For sooner shall you know a generall ruine, than my faith broken. Doe not doubt this Mistresse ; for by my life I cannot live without you.

Come

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

Come, come, you shall not grieve, rather be angry, and heap affliction on me: I will suffer, O I could curse my selfe, pray smile upon me. Upon my faith it was but a trick to try you, knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely that you would never shew it, though my meanes was all humiliry.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha.

*El. l.* How now?

*La.* I thank you fine foole for your most fine plot; this was a subtile one, a stiffe device to have caught Dottrels with, good senselesse sir, could you imagine I should swoun for you, and know your self to be an arrant Ass? I ha' discovered one. 'Tis quit, I thank you sir, Ha, ha, ha.

*Mar.* Take heed sir, she may chance to swoun again.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Abig.* Step to her, see how she changes colour.

*El. l.* He goe to hell first, and be better welcome.

I am fool'd, I doe confesse it, finely fool'd:

Lady, fool'd Madam, and I thank you for it.

*La.* Faith tis not so much worth sir.

But if I knew when you come next a burding,  
He have a stronger noose to hold the Woodcock.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha.

*El. l.* I am glad to see you merry: pray laugh on.

*Mar.* Had a hard heart that could not laugh at you.

*La.* You'l anger him,

And then hee'l raile like a rude Costermonger,

That School-boyes had cozened of his Apples,

As loud and senselesse.

*El. l.* I will not raile.

*Mar.* Faith then let's heare him sifter.

*El. l.* Yes, you shall heare me.

*La.* Shall we be the better by it then?

*El. l.* No, he that makes a woman better by his words,

He have him Sainted: blowes will not doe it.

*La.* By this light he'l beat us. *El. l.* You do deserve it richly.

And you may live to have a Beadle do it.

*La.* Now he railes.

*El. l.* Come scornfull folly.

If this be railing, you shall heare me raile.

*La.* Pray put it in good words then.

*El. l.* The worst are good enough for such a trifle,

Such a proud peece of Cobweb-lawne. *La.* You bite sir.

*El. l.* I would, till the bones crackt, and I had my will.

*Mar.*



## *The Stornefull Lady.*

*Mar.* We had best muzzle him, he growes mad.

*El. lo.* I would 'twere lawfull in the next great sickness to have the Dogges spared; those harmlesse creatures, and knockt i'th head these hot continuall plaguet, women, that are more infectious. I hope the State will think on't.

*La.* Are you well fir?

*Mar.* He looks as though he had a grievous fit o'th Cholick.

*El. lo.* Green-ginger wil cure me. *Ab.* Ile heat a trencher for him.

*Ed. lo.* Durty December, doe: Thou with a face as old as *Erra Pater*, such a prognosticating nose; thou thing that ten yeares since has left to be a woman, outworn the expectation of a Baud, and thy drie bones can reach at nothing now, but gords or nine-pins; pray go fetch a trencher, goe.

*La.* Let him alone, he's crackt.

*Ab.* Ile see him hang'd first, he's a beastly fellow to use a woman of my breeding thus; I marry is a: would I were a man, I'de make him eat his knaves words.

*Eld. lo.* Tie your she Otter up, good Ladie folly, foh, she stinkes worse than a Bear-baiting.

*Lady.* Why will you be angry now?

*Eld. lo.* Goe paint and purge, call in your kennell with you: you a Lady?

*Ab.* Sirrah, look to't against the quarter Sessions, if there be good behaviour in the world, he have thee bound to it.

*Eld. lo.* You must not seek it in your Ladies house then; pray send this Ferret home, and spinne good *Abigail*; and Madam, that your Ladiship may know, in what base manner ye have us'd my service, I doe from this houre hate yee heartily; and though your follie should whip you to repentance, and waken you at length to see my wrongs, tis not the endeavour of your life shall win me, nor all the friends you have make intercession, nor your submissive letters, though they spoke as many teares as words; nor your knees grown to'th ground in penitence, nor all your state to kisse you; nor my pardon and will to give you Christian burfall, if you die thus; so farewell. When I am married, and made sure, he come and visit you againe, and vex you Lady. By all my hopes, he be a torment to you, worse than a tedious Winter. I know you will recant and sue to me; but save that labour: he rather love a fever and continuall thirst, rather contract my youth to drinke, and sacerdote upon quarrels, or take a drawne Whore from an Hospitall, that time, diseases, and *Mercurie* had eaten, than to bee drawne to love you.

*La.*

## The Scornfull Lady.

*La.* Ha, ha, ha, pray doe, but take heed though.  
*El. 10.* From thee, false dice, Jades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliver me. *Exit elder Lovelesse.*

*La.* But harke you servant, harke ye: is he gone? call him again.

*Abig.* Hang him Padock.

*La.* Art thou here still? flie, flie, and call my servant, flie, or nere see me more.

*Abig.* I had rather knit again than see that Rascall, but I must doe it. *Exit Abigal.*

*La.* I would be loath to anger him too much; what fine foolerie is this in a woman, to use those men most frowardly they love most? If I should lose him thus, I were rightly served. I hope hee's not so much himselve, to take it to th'heart. How now? will he come back?

*Abig.* Never he sweares, whilst he can heare men say there's any woman living: he swore he would ha' me first.

*La.* Didst thou intreat him wench?

*Abig.* As well as I could Madam. But this is still your way, to love being absent, and when he's with you, laugh at him, and abuse him. There's another way, if you could hit on't.

*La.* Thou saiest true, get me paper, pen and inke, Ile write to him, I'd be loath he should sleep in's anger.

Women are most fools when they think th'are wisest. *Ex. omnes.*

*Musicke.* Enter Young Lovelesse and Widow going to be married, with them his Comrades.

*Wid.* Pray sir cast off these fellows, as unfitting for your bare knowledge, and far more your compaile: is't fit such Ragamuffins as these are, should beare the name of Friends, and furnish out a civill house? Yare to be married now, and men that love you, must expect a course farre from your old carriage: if you will keepe um, turn um to th' stable, and there make um groomes: and yet now I consider it, such beggars once set a horseback, you have heard will ride, how far you had best to look to.

*Capt.* Heare you, you that must be Lady, pray content your self, and think upon your carriage soon at night, what dressing will best take your Knight, what waistcoat, what cordiall will doe well i'th morning for him, what triers have you?

*Wid.* What doe you mean sir?

*Capt.* Those that must switch him up: if he start well, feare not, but cry Saint George, and beare him hard: when you perceive his wind

## The Scornfull Lady.

wind growes hot and wanting, let him a little downe, he's deet,  
nere doubt him, and stands sound.

Wid. Sir, you heare these fellows?

To. lo. Merrie companions, wench, merrie companions.

Wid. To one another let um be companions, but good Sir not  
to you: You shall be civill, and slip off these base trappings.

Cap. He shall not need, my most sweet Ladie Grocer, if he be ci-  
vill, not your powdred Sugar, nor your rotten Reasons, shall per-  
swade the Captaine to live a Coxcomb with him, let him be civill  
and feed i'th Arches, and see what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civill, doe: undoe him: I, that's the next way.  
I will not take (if he be Civill once) two hundred pounds a yeare  
to live with him: be civill, there's a trim persuasion.

Cap. If thou be'st civill Knight, as *Jove* defend it, get thee another  
nose, that will be pul'd off by the angry boyes, for thy conversion:  
the children thou shalt get on this Civilian, cannot inherit by the  
law, th'are *Eb'nicks*, and all thy sport meere morall lechery: when  
they are grown, having but little in um, they may prove Haberdash-  
ers, or grosse Grocers like their deare Dam there: prethee be civill  
Knight, in time thou maist read to thy household, and be drunk once  
a yeare: this would shew finely.

To. lo. I wonder sweet heart, you will offer this, you do not un-  
derstand these Gentlemen: I will be short and pitie: I had rather  
cast you off by the way of charge: these are creatures that nothing  
goes to the maintenance of, but corn and water. I will keepe these  
fellows just in the competency of two Hens.

Wid. If you can cast it so sir, you have my liking: if they eat less,  
I should not be offended. But how these Sir, can live upon so little  
as corn and water, I am unbelieving.

To. lo. Why prethee sweet heart, what's your Ale? is not that  
corn and water, my sweet Widow?

Wid. I but my sweet Knight, where's the meat to this, and clothes;  
that they must look for?

To. lo. In this short sentence, *Ale*, is all included, Meat, Drink, and  
Cloth; These are no ravening Footmen, no fellows that at Ordi-  
naries do eat their eighteen-pence thrice out before they rise, and  
yet goe hungry to a Play, and crack more nuts than would suffice a  
dozen Squirrels; besides the din which is damnable: I had rather  
raile, and be confin'd to a bear-baiting, than live among such Ras-  
cals: these are people of such a clean discretion in their diet, of such  
a moderate sustenance, that they sweat if they but smell hot meat,

## *The Downfall Lady.*

*Periwig* is poison, they hate a Kitchen as they hate a Counter, and shew um but a Fetherbed they swoond. Ale is their eating and their drinking surely, which keeps their bodies cleare and so kiffe. Bread is a binder, and for that abolisht even in their Ale, whose lostosome fits an Apple, which is more ale, and of subtler nature. The rest they take is litle, and that litle is litle easie: For like strict men of Order, they do correct their bodies with a bench, or a poore Rubborne Table: if a chimney offer it selfe with some few brooken rushes, they are in Downe: when they are sicke, that's drunke, they may have fresh straw, else they doe despise these worldly pamperings. For their poore apparell, its worn out to the diet: new they seek none, and if a man should offer, they are angry, scarce to bee reconcil'd again with him: you shall not heare um aske mee a cast doublet once in a year: which is modesty besitting my poor friends. You see their wardrobe, though slender, competent: For shirts, I take it, they are things worn out of their remembrance. Lousie they will be when they list, and mangle, which shewes a fine varietie: and then to cure 'em a Turners lime-pit, which is litle charge, to Dogs and these: these two may be cut'd for three pence.

*Wid.* You have halfe perswaded me, pray use your pleasure: and my good friends, since I do know your diet, he take an order, meat shall not offend you, you shall have Ale.

*Cap.* We ask no more, let it be nightie Ladie; and if we perish, then our own faines on us.

*Alb.* Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my Boyes, when we have done, ile give you cleare in bowles.

*Exeunt.*

*Fine. Adius quarr.*

## ACTUS 5. SCENAI.

*Enter Elder Lovelesse.*

*Eld. Lo.* This senselesse woman vexes me toth' heart, she will not from my memory: would she were a man for one two hours, that I might beat her. If I had been unhandsome, old, or jealous, 'thad been an even lay, she might have scorn'd me; but to be young, and by this light, I think as proper as the proudest, made as cleare, as straight, as strong backe; meane and manners equall with the best cloth of silver, sir, in the kingdom: but these are things at some time of the moon, below the cut of canvas: sure she has some meaching rascall in her house, some hinde, that she hath seen beare (like another Milo) quarters of malt upon his back, and sing with it, thrall all day, and it's evening in his stockings strike up a horn-pipe; and there stinke

two

## The Sorrowfull Lady

two hours, and nere a whit the worse man: these are they, these fiend  
chind rascals that undoe us all. Would I had bene a Carter, or a  
Coachman, I had done the deed ere this time. *Enter servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, there's a Gentleman without would speak with you.  
*El. lo.* Bid him come in.

*Wel.* By your leave sir.

*El. lo.* You are welcome, what's your will sir?

*Wel.* Have you forgotten me?

*El. lo.* I do not much remember you.

*Wel.* You must sir, I am the Gentleman you pleased to wrong in  
your disguise, I have inquired you out.

*El. lo.* I was disguised indeed sir, if I wrong'd you, pray where, &  
when? *Wel.* In such a Ladies house, I need not name her.

*El. lo.* I do remember you, you seem'd to be a Suitor to that Ladie?

*Wel.* If you remember this, do not forget how furiouly you us'd  
me: that was no place to quarrell in, pray you thinke of it: if you  
be honest, you dare fight with me, without more munging, else I must  
provoke yee.

*El. lo.* Sir, I dare fight, but never for a woman: I will not have  
her in my cause, she is mortall, and so is not my anger: if you have  
brought a nobler Subject for our swords, I am for you: in this I  
would be loath to prick my finger. And where you say I wrong'd  
you, tis so far from my profession, that amongst my feares, to doe  
wrong is the greatest: credit me, we have been both abused (not by  
our selves, for that I hold a spleen, no sin of malice, and may with  
man enough be left forgotten) but by that wilful, scornful peece of  
hatred, that much forgetfull Ladie: For whose sake, if we should  
leave our reason, and run on upon our sense, like Rams, the little  
World of good men would laugh at us, and despise us, fixing upon  
our desperate memories, the never-worn out names of Fooles and  
Fencers. Sir, tis not fear, but reason makes me tell you: in this I had  
rather help you sir, then hurt you, and you shall finde it, though you  
throw your selfe into as many dangers as the others, though you re-  
deem her lost name every day, and send her out new troubles with  
your sword, you shall but be her ninth, as I have been.

*Wel.* I aske you merels sir, you have tane my edge off: yet I  
would faine be even with this Ladie.

*El. lo.* In which ile be your helpers. We are two, and they are two:  
two sisters, rich alike, onlie the elder hath the prouder. Do write in  
troth I pittie this disgrace in you, yet of mine own I am senselesse:  
do but follow my counsell, and ile pay my spirit, wee'l over-reach



## The Second full Lady.

'em yet, the means is this.

*Enter servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, there's a Gentlewoman will needs speake with you, I cannot keep her out, she's entred sir.

*El. lo.* It is the waiting woman, pray be not seen: Sirrah hold her in discourse a while: hark in your eare, goe and dispatch it quickly, when I come in, ile tell you all the project.

*Wel.* I care not which I have.

*Exit Welford.*

*El. lo.* Away, tis done, she must not see you: now Lady Gwinster, what newes with you?

*Enter Abigail.*

*Ab.* Pray leave these frumps sir, and receive this letter.

*El. lo.* From whom, good vanitie?

*Abig.* From my Ladie sir: Alas good soule, shee cries and sakes on.

*El. lo.* Does she so good soule? would she not have a Cawdle? doe's she send you with your fine Oratorie goodie Tully to tie me to beliefe again? Bring out the Cat hounds, ile make you take a tree where, then with my Tiller bring down your Gibbip, and then have you cas'd, and hung up P'th Warren.

*Abig.* I am no beast sir, would you knew it.

*El. lo.* Wo'd I did, for I am yet very doubtfull: What will you say now?

*Abig.* Nothing not I.

*El. lo.* Art thou a Woman, and say nothing?

*Abig.* Unless you heare mee with more moderation: I can speak wise enough.

*El. lo.* And loud enough? Will your Lady love me?

*Ab.* It seemes so by her letter and her lamentations; but you are such another man.

*El. lo.* Not such another as I was, Mumps, nor will not be: He read her fine Epistle: Ha, ha, ha, is not thy Mistresse mad?

*Abig.* For you she will be, 'tis a shame you should use a poore Gentlewoman so untowardly; she loves the ground you tread on; and you (hard heart) because she jested with you, mean to kill her; tis a fine conquest as they say.

*El. lo.* Hast thou so much moisture in thy whitelather hide yet, that thou canst cry? I would have sworn thou hadst been Touchwood five yeares since; Nay, let it rain, thy face chops for a shower like a dry Dunghill.

*Ab.* Ile not indure this Ribauldrys farewell P'th devils name: If my Lady die, Ile be sworn before a Jury thou art the cause on't.

*El. lo.* Do Mauckin do, deliver to your Lady from me this: I mean to see her, if I have no other businesse: which before Ile want to

come

## The Scornfull Lady.

come to her, I mean to go seek birds nests : yet I may come too : but if I come from this door till I see her, wil I think how to raile vilely at her, how to vex her, and make her cry so much, that the Physician, if she fall sick upon't, shall want urine to finde the cause by : and she remediless die in her heresie : Farewell old Adage, I hope to see the Boyes make pot-guns on thee.

*Ab.* Th'art a vile man ; God, blesse my issue from thee.

*Ello.* Thou hast but one, and that's in thy left crupper, that makes thee hobble so ; you must be ground i'th breech like a top, you'l nere spin well else : Farewell Fychock.

*Exiunt.*

*Enter Lady alone.*

*La.* Is it not strange that every Womans will should tracke out new wayes to disturb her selfe ? If I should call my reason to account, it cannot answer why I keep my selfe from mine own with ; and stop the man I love from his ; and every houre repent again, yet still goe on : I know 'tis like a man that wants his naturall sleepe, and growing dull would gladly give the remnant of his life for two houres rest ; yet through his frowardness, wil rather chuse to watch another man, drowisie as he, then take his own repose. All this I know : yet a strange peevishnesse and anger, not to have the power to doe things unexpected, carries me away to mine owne ruine : I had rather die sometimes, then not disgrace in publick him whom people think I love, & doe't with oathes, and am in earnest then. O what are we ! Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such things as wee command. How now, what newes ?

*Enter Abigail.*

*Ab.* Faith Madam, none worth hearing.

*La.* Is he not come ?

*Ab.* No truly.

*La.* Nor has he writ ?

*Ab.* Neither. I pray God you have not undone your selfe.

*La.* Why, but what sayes he ?

*Ab.* Faith he talks strangely.

*La.* How strangely ?

*Ab.* First at your letter he laught extreamly.

*La.* What, in contempt ?

*Ab.* He laught monstrous loud, as he would die ; and when you wrot it, I thinke you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way : and having done, he cried alas for her, and violently laught again.

*La.* Did he ?

*Ab.* Yes, till I was angry ;

*La.* Angry, why ? Why wert thou angry ? he does but well, I did deserve it, he had been a foole, an unfit man for any one to love, had he not laught thus at me : You were angry, that shewd your folly ; I shall love him more for that, then all that ere he did before ; but said he nothing else ?

*Ab.*

## The Scornfull Lady.

*Ab.* Many uncertain things he said: though you had mockt him, because you were a woman, hee could wish to doe you so much favour as to see you: yet he said, he knew you rash, and was loath to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave.

*La.* What one was that?

*Ab.* I know not, but truly I doe feare there is a making up there: for I heard the servants, as I past by some, whisper such a thing: and as I came back through the Hall, there were two or three Clarks writing great Conveyances in haste, which they said were for their Mistresse Jointer.

*La.* Tis very like and fit it should be so, for hee does thinke, and reasonably thinke, that I should keep him with my idle tricks for ever ere he be married.

*Ab.* At last he said, it should goe hard, but he would see you for your satisfaction.

*La.* All we that are call'd women know as well as men, it were a far more noble thing to grace where we are grac'd, and give respect there where we are respected: yet we practise a wilder course, and never bend our eyes on men with pleasure, till they find the way to give us neglect: then we, too late, perceive the losse of what wee might have had, and dote till death.

*Enter Maria,*

*Mar.* Sister, yondert your servant with a gentlewoman with him,

*La.* Where?

*Mar.* Close at the doore.

*La.* Ah! Alas I am undone, I feare he is betroth'd.

What kind of Woman is she?

*Mar.* A most ill-favoured one, with her masque on:

And how her face should mend the rest, I know not.

*La.* But yet her mind was of a milder stuffe then mine was.

*Enter Eld. Lovelesse, and Welford in womens apparel.*

*La.* Now I see him if my heart swell not again. (away thou Womans pride) so that I cannot speak a gentle word to him, let me not

*Eld. lo.* By your leave here.

*La.* How now, what new trick invites you hither?

*Mar.* You a fine device again.

*Eld. lo.* Faith this is the finest device I have now.

How dost thou sweet heart?

*Wel.* Why very well, so long as I may please.

You my deare lover, I nor can, nor will,

Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

*Eld. lo.* O thy sweet temper!

What would I have given that Lady

had been like thee: seest thou her? that face (my love) joy'd with

thy

## The Scornefull Lady.

thy humble mind, had made a Wench indeed.

Wel. Alas my love, what God hath done, I dare not think to mend;  
I use no paint; nor any druggs of art; my hands and face will shew it.

La. Why what thing have you brought to shew us there? do you  
take money for it?

Eld. la. A thing not to be bought for money: tis my Mistresse, in  
whom there is no passion, nor no scorn: what I will to her law: pray  
you salute her.

La. Salute her? by this good light I would not kisse her for halfe  
my wealth.

Eld. La. Why? Why pray you?  
You shall see me do't afore you; look you.

La. Now tie upon thee, a beast would not have don't; I would not  
kisse thee of a month, to gain a kingdom.

Eld. la. Marry you shall not be troubled.

La. Why was there ever such a Meg as this?  
Sure thou art mad.

Eld. la. I was mad once when I lov'd pictures; for what are shape  
and colour else but pictures? In that tawny Hide there lies an end-  
lesse masse of vertues, when all your red and white ones want it.

La. And this is the you are to marry, is't not?

Eld. la. Yes indeed is't.

La. God give you joy. Eld. la. Amen.

Wel. I thank you, though unknown, for your good will:  
The like to you when ever you shall wed.

Eld. la. O gentle spirit. La. You thank me I pray

Keep your breath nearer you, I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all,

Much lesse a Lady of your worthy parts.

Eld. la. Sweet, sweet.

La. I do not think this Woman can by nature be thus.

Thus ugly; sure she's some common Scrumper,

Deform'd with exercise of sin.

Wel. O sir, beleeve not this, for heaven to comfort me, as I am free  
from foul pollution with any man; my honour tane away, I am no  
Woman.

Eld. la. Arise my dearest soule, I do not credit it. Alas, I fear her  
tender heart will break with this reproach: fie, that you know no  
more civillie to a weake virgin. 'Tis no matter sweet, let her say  
what she will; thou art not worse to me, and therefore not at all: be  
carelesse.

Wel. For all things else I would, but for mine honor, Me thinks.

Eld. la. Alas, thine honour is not stain'd;

## *The Scornfull Lady.*

Is this the businesse that you sent for me about?

*Mar.* Faith sister, you are much to blame, to use a Woman, whatsoere she be, thus; He salute her: You are welcome hither.

*Wel.* I humbly thank you.

*El. lo.* Milde yet as the Dove, for all these injuries. Come, shall we go, I love thee not so ill as to keep thee here a jesting stock.

Adieu to the worlds end. *La.* Why, whither now?

*El. lo.* Nay, you shall never know, because you shall never find me.

*La.* I pray let me speak with you. *El. lo.* 'Tis very well: come.

*La.* I pray you let me speak with you. *El. lo.* Yes for another mock

*La.* By heaven I have no mocks: good fir, a word.

*El. lo.* Though you deserve not so much at my hands, yet if you be in such earnest, He speak a word with you; but I beseech you be briefe: for in good faith there's a Parson and a Licence stay for us I'th Church all this while, and you know 'tis night.

*La.* Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoever I have heretofore spoken jestingly, forget: for as I hope for mercy any where, what I shall utter now, is from my heart, and as I mean.

*El. lo.* Well, well, what doe you mean?

*La.* Was not I once your Mistresse, and you my Servant?

*Eld. lo.* O 'tis about the old matter.

*La.* Nay, good fir stay me out; I would but heare you excuse your selfe, why you should take this Woman and leave me.

*Eld. lo.* Prethee why not, deserves she not as much as you?

*La.* I think not, if you will look with an indifferency upon us both

*El. lo.* Upon your faces, 'tis true; but if judicially we shall cast our eyes upon your minds, you are a thousand women of her in worth: she cannot swound in jest, nor set her lover tasks, to shew her peevishnes, and his affection, nor crosse what he sayes, though it be Canonically. She's a good plain Wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty Boyes to throw the sledge, & lift at pigs of lead: and for a Wife, she's far beyond you: What can you do in a household to provide for your issue, but lie a bed and get um? your busines is to dresse you, and at idle hours to eat, when she can do a thousand profitable things: she can do pretty well in the Pastry, & knows how pullen should be cram'd, she cuts Cambrick as a threed, weaves bone-lace, and quilts balls admirably. And what are you good for?

*La.* Admit it true, that she were farre beyond me in all respects, does that give you a licence to forswear your selfe?

*El. lo.* Forswear my selfe, How?

*La.* Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oaths you have uttered,



*The Sorrowful Lady.*

swore, in disclaiming all for wives but me.  
*El. b.* Nay, but conceive me; the intent of oaths is ever understood. Admit I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodging to-morrow: Divines would never hold me perjur'd, if I were struck blind; or he hid him, where my diligent search could not find him: so there were no cross act of mine own in't. Can it be imagin'd I meant to force you to marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

*La.* Alas you need not, I make already tender of my selfe; and then you are forsworn.

*El. b.* Some sinners see indeed most necessarily fall upon me; as whosoever deales with women, shall never utterly avoid it: yet I would chuse the least ill: which is, to forsake you, that have done me all the abuses of a malignant woman; contem'd my service, and would have held me prating about marriage, till I had been past getting of children, then her that hath forsaken her family, and put her tender body in my hand, upon my word!

*La.* Which of us swore you first to? *El. b.* Why to you?

*La.* Which oath is to be kept then?

*El. b.* I Prethee do not urge my sinnes unto me, Without I could ascend him. *La.* Why, you may, by wedding me.

*El. b.* How will that satisfie my word to her?

*La.* 'Tis not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction:  
'Tis an error fit for repentance onely.

*El. b.* Shall I live to wrong that tender-hearted virgin so?  
It may not be.

*La.* Why may it not be?

*El. b.* I swear I had rather marry thee then her: but yet mine honesty?

*La.* What honesty? 'Tis more preserv'd this way.

Come, by this light servant thou shalt, He kisse thee over.

*El. b.* This kisse indeed is sweet, pray God no sin lie under it.

*La.* There's no sin at all, try but another.

*Wl.* O my heart!

*Mar.* Help sister, this Lady swounes.

*Eld. b.* How doe you? *Wl.* Why very well, if you bee so, a most ungodly thing.

*Eld. b.* Heare me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter; I did make an oath, when you delaid me so, that this very night I would be married.

Now if you will goe without delay suddenly, as late as it is, with your own Minister to your own Chappell, He wed you, and to bed.

*La.* A match deare servant.

*The Stormy Lady.*

*El. la.* For if you should forsake me now, I care not, she would not though for all her injuries, such is her spirit, if I be not ashamed to kisse her now I part, may I not live.

*Wel.* I see you goe as Bily as you think to steal away, yet I will pray for you, all blessings of the world light on you two, that you may live to be an aged paire. All curses on me, if I doe not speake what I doe with indeed.

*El. la.* If I can speak to purpose to her, I am a villain.

*La. Servant away.*

*Mar.* Sister, will you marry that inconstant man? think you he will not cast you off to morrow, to wrong a lady thus, look't he like dirt, 'twas basely done. May you nere prosper with him.

*Wel.* Now God forbid. Alas, I was unworthy, so I told him.

*Mar.* That was your modesty, too good for him. I would not see your wedding for a world.

*La.* Chuse chuse, come Tonglebe. *Ex. El. La.*

*Mar.* Dry up your eyes forsooth, you shall not thinke we are all unavill. Would I knew how to give you a revenge.

*Wel.* So would not I: no let me suffer truly, that I desire.

*Mar.* Pray walk in with me, 'tis very late, and you shall stay all night: your bed shall be no worse than mine: I wish I could but do you right.

*Wel.* My humble thanks:

God grant I may but live to quit your love.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Young Lovelasse and Savill.*

*Tong Le.* Did your Master send for me Savill?

*Sav.* Yes, he did send for your Worship sir.

*To. lo.* Dot you know the businesse?

*Sav.* Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am imploy'd beyond my houres of eating. My dancing dayes are done sir.

*To. lo.* What art thou now then?

*Sav.* If you consider me in little, I am with your Worships reverence sir, a Rascall; one that upon the next anger of your brother, must raise a sconce by the high way, and sell switches: My Wife is learning now to weave Inle.

*To. lo.* What dost thou mean to do with thy children Savill?

*Sa.* My eldest Boy is half a Rogue already, he was born bursten, & your Worship knows, that's a pretty step to mens compassions: My youngest Boy I purpose sir to bind for ten years to a Jaylor, to draw under him, that he may shew us mercie in his function.

*To. lo.* Your family is quartered with discretion; you are resolved to Cant then: Where Savill shall your Scene lie?

*Sav.*

## The Sorrowfull Lady

*Sav.* Beggers must be no choosers; In every place (I take it) but the stocks.

*To. lo.* This is your drinking and your whoring, *Savil*; I told you of it, but your heart was hardened.

*Sav.* Tis true, you were the first that told me of it indeed; I doe remember yet in teares; you told me you would have whored, and in that passion sir, you broke out thus; Thou miserable man, repent, and brew three strikes more in a hoghead; Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time can carry for no man.

*To. lo.* You are grown a bitter Gentleman. I see misery can clear your head better then mustard. Ile be a Tutor for your Keyes again sir.

*Sav.* Will you but be so gracious to me sir, I shall be bound.

*To. lo.* You shall sir, to your Bunch again, or Ile misse foully.

*Enter Morecraft.*

*More.* Save you Gentleman, save you.

*To. lo.* Now Polcat, what yong Rabbits nest have you to draw?

*More.* Come, prethee be familiar Knight.

*To. lo.* Away Fox, Ile send for Terriers for you.

*More.* Thou art wise yet: Ile keep thee companie.

*To. lo.* I am about some businesse; Indentures,

If you follow me ile heat you; take heed,

As I live, ile cancell your coxcomb.

*More.* Thou art cozen'd now, I am no Uffurer.

What poore fellow's this? *Sav.* I am poore indeed sir.

*More.* Give him money Knight.

*To. lo.* Doe you begin the offering.

*More.* There poore fellow, here's an angell for thee.

*To. lo.* Art thou in earnest Morecraft?

*More.* Yes faith Knight, ile follow thy example: thou hadst land, and thousands, thou spentst and flungst away, and yet it flowes in double: I purchas'd, wrung & wicr-draw'd for my wealth, lost and was cozen'd: for which I make a vow, to try all the wayes above ground, but ile find a constant meanes to riches without curses.

*To. lo.* I am glad of your conversion Mr Morecraft. You are in a faire course, pray pursue it still.

*More.* Come, we are all Gallants now, ile keep thee company: here honest fellow, for this gentlemans sake, there's 2 angels more for thee.

*Sav.* Heaven quite you sir, and keep you long in this mind.

*To. lo.* Wilt thou persevere?

*More.* Till I have a penny, I have brave clothes a making, and two horses; canst thou help mee to a match Knight? Ile lay a

## The Scornefull Lady.

thousand potind upon my Crop-rare.

To. lo. Foot, this is stranger then an Affrick monster ;  
There will be no more talk of warres  
Whilst this lasts ; come, Ile put thee into blood.

Sav. Would all his damn'd Tribe were as tender-hearted, I  
beseech you let this Gentleman joyn with you in the recovery of  
my keyes ; I like his good beginning fir, the whilst Ile pray for both  
your Worships.

To. lo. He shall fir.

More. Shall we goe noble Knight ? I would fain be acquainted :

To. lo. Ile be your servant fir.

Exeunt.

Enter Eld. Lovelesse, and Lady.

Eld. lo. Faith my sweet Lady, I have caught you now, mangre your  
subtilties and fine devices ; be coy again now.

La. Prethee sweet-heart tell trus.

Eld. lo. By this light, by all the pleasures I have had this night, by  
your lost maidenhead, you are cozen'd meerly, I have cast beyond  
your wit. That Gentleman is your retainer Welford.

La. It cannot be so.

Eld. lo. Your sister has found it so, or I mistake, marke how shee  
blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not travell, now, ha,  
ha, ha. La. Prethee sweet heart, be quiet, thou hast angered me at  
heart.

Eld. lo. Ile please you soon again.

La. Welford.

Eld. lo. I Welford, hee's a young handsome fellow, well bred and  
landed ; your sister can instruct you in his good parts, better than I  
by this time.

La. Uds foot, am I fetch't over thus ?

Eld. lo. Yes ifaith. And over shall be fetcht again, never feare it.

La. I must be patient, though it torture me :

You have got the Sun fir.

Eld. lo. And the Moon too, in which Ile be the man.

La. But had I known this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should have  
hunted three traines more before you had come to'th course ; you  
should have hankt o'th bridle fir, ifaith.

Eld. lo. I knew it, and min'd with you, and so blew you up,  
Now you may see the Gentlewoman : stand close.

Enter Welford and Mariba.

Mar. For Gods sake fir, be privat in this businesse.

You have undone me else. O heaven, what have I done ?

Wel. No harm I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I look upon my friends again, with what face ?

Wel. Why e'ne with this : 'tis a good one, thou canst not finde  
a better : looke upon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall  
finde

## The Scornfull Lady.

finde him smooth still, faire still, sweet still, and to your thinking honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or dare doe Mistress; and yet they keep no stirre.

Mar. Good sir goe in, and put your womans cloathes on: If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever.

Wel. Ile watch you for that Mistresse: I am no foole; here will I tarry till the house be up, and witnesse with me.

Mar. Good deare friend goe in.

Wel. To bed again if you please, else I am fixt here till there bee notice taken who I am, and what I have done: if you could juggle me into my womanhood again, and so cog me out of your company, all this would be forsworn, and I again an Alinego, as your sister left me. No, Ile have it known and publisht; then if you'll bee a Whore, forsake me and be ashamed: and when you can hold out no longer, marry some cast *Cleves Captain*, and sell *Bottle-Ale*.

Mar. I dare not stay sir, use me modestly, I am your wife.

Wel. Go in, Ile make up all.

El.lo. Ile be a witnesse of your naked truth sir: this is the Gentlewoman, prethee look upon him, this is he that made me breake my faith, sweet: but thank your sister, she hath soderd it.

La. What a dull Ass he was, I could not see this *Welford* from a wench: twenty to one if I had been burtender like my sister, he had served me such a slippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El.lo. I would have watcht you sir, by your good patience, for Ferriting in my ground.

La. You have been with my sister.

Wel. Yes to bring.

El.lo. An heire into the world he meanes.

La. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on't: I have been chafft this three hours, that's the least, I am reasonable coole now.

La. Cannot you fare wel, but you must cry *Roast-meat*?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not blesse the Founders, is either surfeited, or ill taught. Lady, for mine own part, I have found so sweet a Diet, I can comend it, though I cannot spare it.

El.lo. How like you this dish *Welford*? I made a supper on't, and fed so heartily, I could not sleep.

La. By this light, had I but sented out your traine, ye had slept with a bare pillow in your armes, and kist that, or else the bed-part, for any wife you had got this twelve-month yet: I would have vext

you



## The Scornfull Lady.

you more then a tyr'd Post-horse, and been longer bearing, then ever after-game at *Irish* was. Lord that I were unmarried again.

*El. lo.* Lady, I would not undertake yee, were you again a Haggard, for the best cast of Ladies in th Kingdome: you were ever tickle-footed, and would not trusse round.

*Wel.* Is she fast? *El. lo.* She was all night lockt here boy.

*Wel.* Then you may lure her without feare of losing: take off her Cranes: You have a delicate Gentlewoman to your sister: Lord what a prettie furie she was in, when she perceiv'd I was a man: but I think I satisfied her scruple, without the Parson o' th Town.

*El. lo.* What did yee?

*Wel.* Madam, can you tell what we did?

*El. lo.* She has a shrewd guess at it, I see it by her.

*La.* Well you may mock us; but my large Gentlewoman, my Mary Ambree, had I but seen into you, you should have had another bedfellow fitter a great deale for your itch.

*Wel.* I thank you Lady, me thought it was well, You are so curious.

*Enter Young Levelasse, his Lady, Morecraft, Savill, and two Servingmen.*

*El. lo.* Get on your Doublet, here comes my brother.

*To. lo.* Good morrow Brother, and all good to your Lady.

*More.* God save you, and good morrow to you all.

*El. lo.* Good morrow. Here's a poore brother of yours.

*La.* Fie, how this shames me.

*More.* Prethee good fellow help me to a cup of Beere.

*Ser.* I will fir.

*To. lo.* Brother, what make you here? Will this Ladie doe?

Will she? is she not netled still? *El. lo.* No, I have cur'd her.

*Mr Welford,* pray know this Gentleman, he is my brother.

*Wel.* Sir, I shall long to love him.

*To. lo.* I shall not be your debtor fir. But how is't with you?

*El. lo.* As well as may be man? I am married: your new acquaintance hath her sister, and all's well.

*To. lo.* I am glad on't. Now my prettie Ladie sister, How doe you find my brother?

*La.* Almost as wild as you are.

*To. lo.* Hee'l make the better husband: you have tried him?

*La.* Against my will fir.

*To. lo.* Hee'l make you well amends soon, do not doubt it; But fir, I must intreat you to be better known

To

## The Scornefull Lady.

To this converted Jew here.

Ser. Here's a Beere for you fir.

Mor. And here's for you an Angell.

Pray buy no land, 'twill never prosper fir.

El. lo. How's this?

To. lo. Blesse you, and then Ile tell you: he's turned Gallant.

El. lo. Gallant?

To. lo. I, Gallant, and is now called, Cutting Morecraft.

The Reason Ile inform you at more leisure.

Wel. O good fir, let me know him presently.

To. lo. You shall hug one another.

Mor. Sir, I must keep you company.

El. lo. And reason,

To. lo. Cutting Morecraft faces about, I must present another.

Mor. As many as you will fir, I am for am.

Wel. Sir, I shall doe you service.

Mor. I shall look for 'em good faith Sir.

El. lo. Prethee good sweet heart kisse him.

La. Who's that fellow?

Sav. Sir, will it please you to remember me: my keyes good fir.

To. lo. Ile doe it presently.

El. lo. Come, thou shalt kisse him for our sport sake.

La. Let him come on then, and doe you heart, doe not instruct me in these trickes, for you may repent it.

El. lo. That at my perill. Busy Mr. Morecraft,

Here is a Lady would salute you.

Mor. She shall not lose her longing fir: What is she?

El. lo. My wife fir.

Mor. She must be then my Mistress.

La. Must I fir?

El. lo. O yes, you must.

Mor. And you must weare this Ring, a poore pawn

Of some fiftie pound.

El. lo. Take it by any means, 'tis lawfull prize.

La. Sir, I shall call you servant.

Mor. I shall be proud on't. What fellow's that?

To. lo. My Ladies Coachman.

Mor. There's something (my friend) for you to buy whips,

And for you fir, and you fir.

El. lo. Under a miracle this is the strangest I ever heard of.

Mor. What, shall we play, and drink? What shall we doe?

Who will hunt with me for an hundred pound?

Wel. Stranger and stranger.

Sir, you shall find sport after a day or two.

To. lo. Sir, I have suit unto you.

Concerning

# The Scornful Lady.

Concerning your old servant *Savill*.

*El. lo.* O, for his Keyes. I know it.

*Sa.* Now fir, strike in:

More. Sir, I must have you grant me.

*El. lo.* I'll do fir, take your Keyes again:

But haire you *Savill*, leave off the motions

Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again:

Ile try you once again.

*Sav.* If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,

Take off the biggest Key Ith bunch, and open

My head with it fir: I humbly thank your worship.

*El. lo.* Nay then I see we must keep holiday.

*Enter Roger and Abigail.*

Here's the last couple in hell.

*Ro.* Joy be among you all.

*La.* Why how now fir, what is the meaning of this Emblem?

*Ro.* Marriage an't like your worship.

*La.* Are you married?

*Ro.* As fast as the next Priest could doe it, Madam.

*El. lo.* I think the signe's in *Gemini*, here's such coupling.

*Wel.* Sir Roger, what will you take to lie from your sweet-heart to night.

*Ro.* Not the best Benedicte in your Worships gift Sir.

*Wel.* A whorson, how he swells.

*Te. lo.* How many times to night, fir Roger?

*Ro.* Sir, you grow scurrilous.

What I shall doe, I shall doe, I shall not need your help.

*Te. lo.* For Horse-flesh Roger.

*El. lo.* Come, prether be not angry, 'tis a day

Given wholly to our pitch.

*La.* It shall be so fir: Sir Roger and his Bride,

We shall intreat to beate our charge.

*El. lo.* Welford get you to the Church: by this light

You shall not stirr with her again, till you are married.

*Wel.* I am gone.

*Enter To every Bride I dedicate this day,*

Six healths a peece, and it shall goe hard,

But every one a jewell: Come, be mad boyes.

*El. lo.* 'Tis an in a good beginning: Come, who leads?

Sir Roger, you shall have the key, and lead the way:

Would every dogged Wench had such a day.

FINIS.